Saturday Review

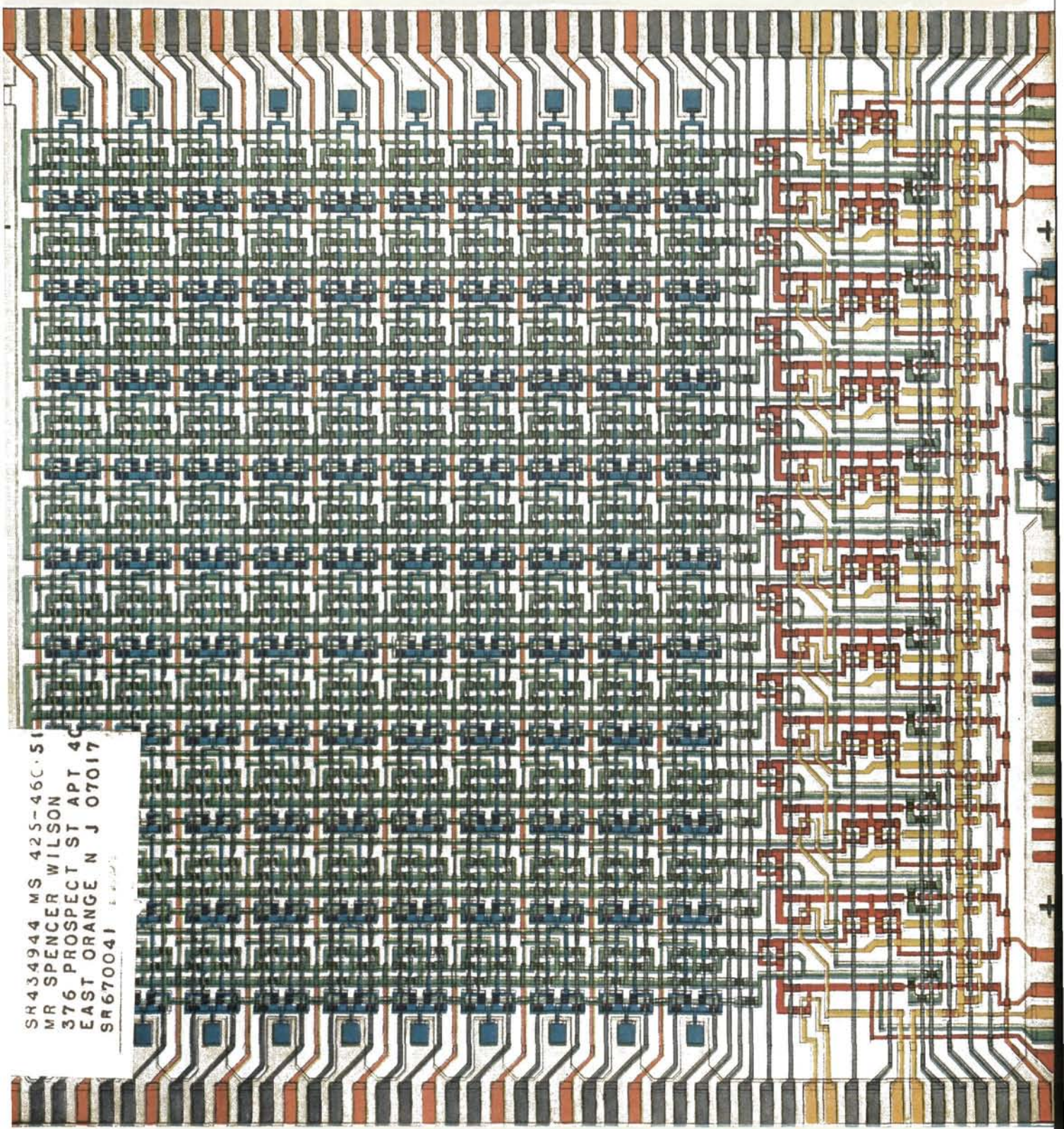
February 6, 1965 25¢

SR/RESEARCH
SCIENCE & HUMANITY

BUILDING THE AMERICAN DREAM

A report on the new National Academy of Engineering By John Lear

Patterns for thinking, as arrayed by engineers in vapor-thin films of computer memories (See Science)



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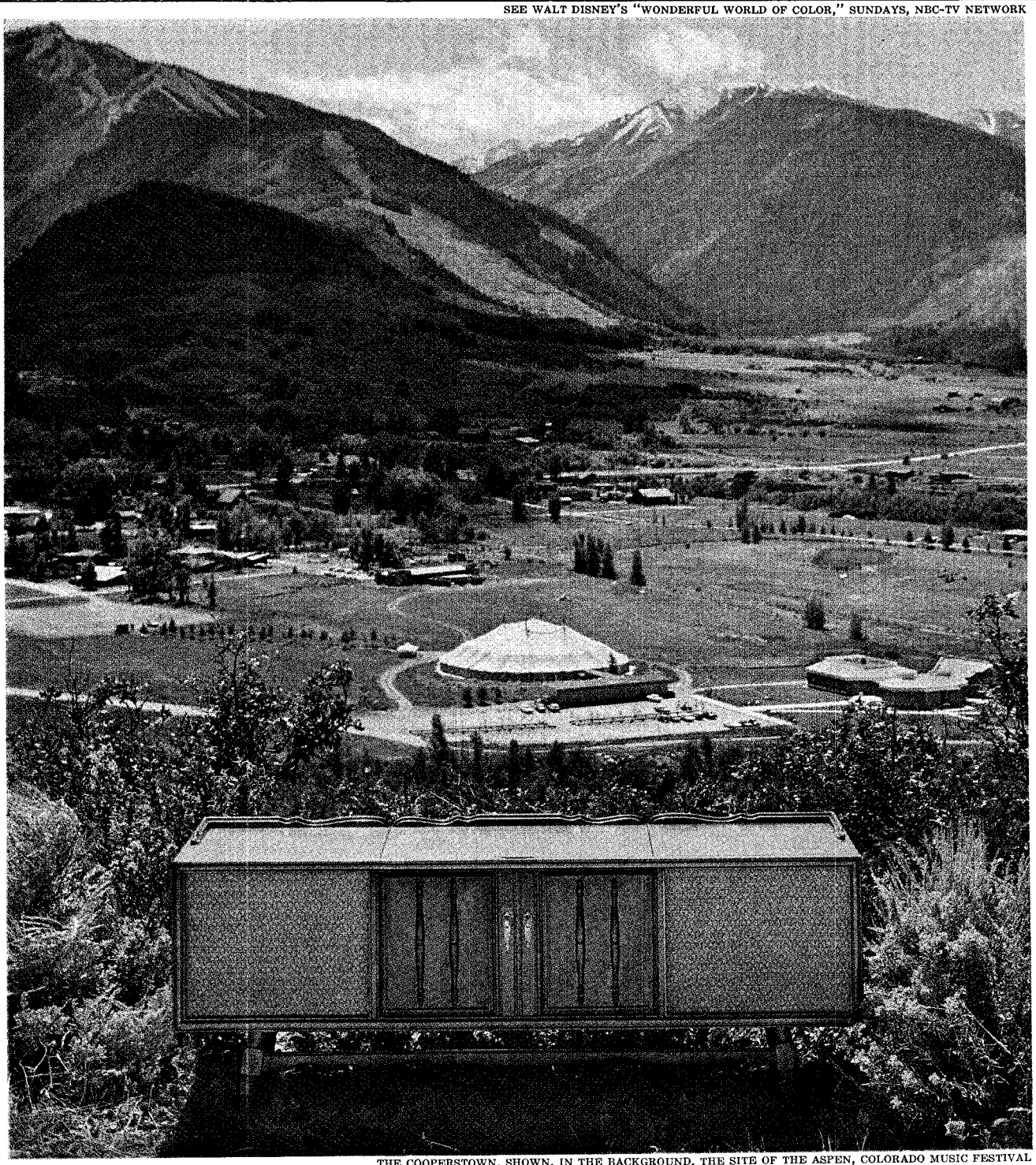
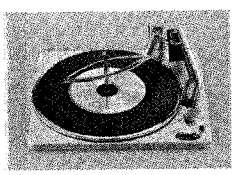


THE COOPERSTOWN, SHOWN. IN THE BACKGROUND, THE SITE OF THE ASPEN, COLORADO MUSIC FESTIVAL

RCA Victor Stereo...realism that rivals the concert hall



For "at home" concerts that rival the original, choose RCA Victor Solid State stereo. The six-foot Early American design of the *Cooperstown* embodies an impressive array of audiophile treasures, including the precision Studiomatic changer with Feather Action Tone Arm (inset above). This famous changer offers amazing record protection.

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You already own the best guidebook to Israel.

Israel is not like other countries for the same reason that the Bible is not like other books.

To know one helps to understand the other. Because so much that happened in the Bible also happened in Israel.

Try it.

Open your Bible to Genesis:

"And he went up to Beer-sheba....And he builded an altar there, and called upon the name of the Lord, and pitched his tent there; and there Isaac's servants digged a well....Therefore the name of the city of Beer-sheba, unto this day."

Can you go to Beersheba today?

Yes, you can.

And it's *the* Beersheba. Of course, things have changed a little. There's a hotel with a swimming pool that can't be too far from the spot where Isaac's servants dug the well.

But what is new there won't blind you to what is old there.

Not if you come armed with your Bible and your imagination. Try it again.

Drive to Jaffa and open your Bible to the Book of Jonah.

"...and he went down to Joppa, and found a ship going to Tarshish; so he paid the fare thereof, and went down into it..."

As you know, Jonah didn't make it to Tarshish. He was swallowed by "a great fish" and spent three days in its belly.

When you stand on the shore at Jaffa, try to imagine the scene. Take a picture of it, too; it makes a great conversation piece when you get back home.

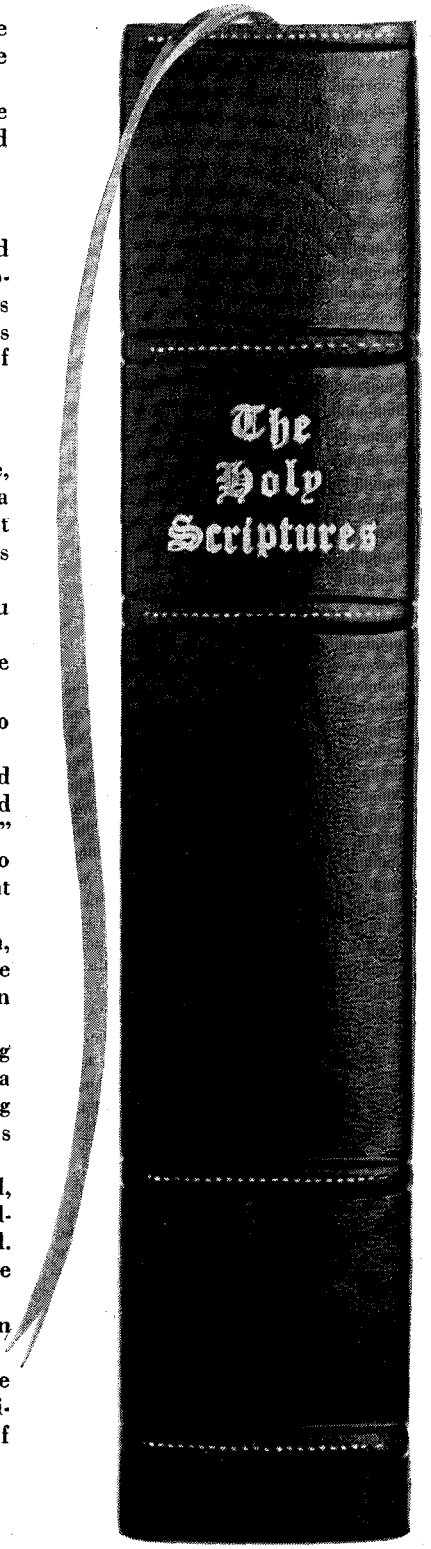
It may seem odd to go sight-seeing with a Bible in one hand and a camera in the other. But this is Israel, and being a few thousand years behind the times gets to be routine.

Almost everywhere you look in Israel, you're startled by the sense of time always moving and always standing still.

In Cana, the miracle of water into wine took place.

At Ein Karem, near Jerusalem, John the Baptist was born.

And in Jerusalem itself, one of the world's most ancient cities, are the traditional sites of King David's tomb and of the Last Supper.



Israel is 270 miles long, and almost every inch of it is historically significant.

But the Bible is significant to Israel in more than a religious and emotional way.

If you've been reading the newspapers as well as your Bible lately, you know that the Bible is being used by archaeologists as a basic tool of research.

King Solomon's copper mines have been located, and there's a copper refinery there now.

A 2,000-year-old irrigation method is being revived in the Negev desert because it still works so well.

Thousands of Biblical sites have been discovered, and no one knows how many more there will be.

But no one doubts that there will be more.

There are still so many areas in Israel and in the Bible that remain unfathomed. And still so many questions that remain unanswered.

Even if we knew all there was to know about Biblical times, there would still be some 2,000 years of history to walk through.

Except for the rebuilding of Israel as a state in 1948, the most active period since Biblical times was during the nine Crusades.

And again, names and places come thundering down the ages.

Godfrey of Bouillon. St. Louis of France. Acre. Haifa. Monfort. Caesarea. Richard the Lionhearted, who stopped near Jerusalem at a little church that was already old.

You can see that church now.

But even more interesting is the fact that you can see more in the Holy Land now than Richard the Lionhearted did in the 12th century.

Simply because we know more now.

The older we get, the more we learn.

And we're getting pretty old.

When you take off for Israel (we hope it will be on an EL AL jet), it will just be 1965.

But when you land in Israel, it will be 5725.

EL AL

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ANSWERS: 1-g, 2-h, 3-j, 4-i, 5-a, 6-b, 7-f, 8-d, 9-e, 10-c

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3. Word-game record to add to the fun and teach correct pronunciation

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How Do You Score On This Sample Word-Power Test?

Can you "match" these words? Before each word in column 1, write the letter of the word from column 2 that is most similar in meaning.

1. ameliorate	(a) abstruse
2. contumacious	(b) annihilate
3. culpable	(c) arduous
4. equivocate	(d) chronic
5. esoteric	(e) facetious
6. extirpate	(f) inchoate
7. incipient	(g) mitigate
8. inveterate	(h) perverse
9. jocose	(i) prevaricate
10. onerous	(j) reprehensible

Turn page upside down for answers

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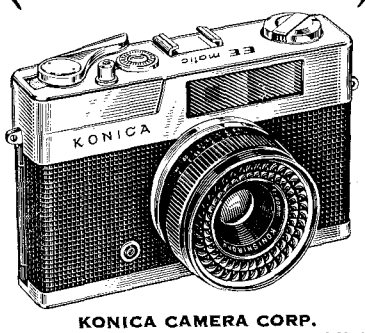

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THE ABUNDANT PEACE

by Robert C. Garretson

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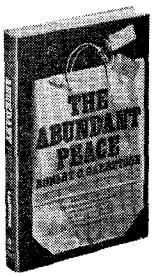

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In 1949, a tall gaunt American checked into the Palace Hotel in Prague, began to take a series of walks around the city, wrote a few letters, and disappeared. His name was Noel Field. He had once been employed by the U.S. Department of State, and he had told some friends he was in Czechoslovakia to gather material for a book, and others that he was looking for a teaching job.

In fairly rapid succession, his brother, wife, and foster daughter, who were searching for him, also vanished. The affair became a riot of speculation and crisis. Was Noel Field an American spy? A defector? A counter-spy, a double agent? In the United States, during the Hiss trial, his name was repeatedly mentioned as a leading American communist. In Eastern European purge trials that swept through the satellite nations during the early 1950s, he was cited as "the American master spy." Even to have known someone who knew Noel Field became a death sentence for many leading communists.

In 1955 all four of the missing reappeared from the several communist prisons where they had been held. But even then, although Noel's brother and foster daughter went home to the United States while Noel and his wife chose to remain in Hungary, the case was never officially closed; no official explanation was given by either side. When Flora Lewis, then a foreign correspondent in Poland, began her researches, she found many people—Americans and communist alike—were still afraid to talk, for reasons that slowly became clear to her as she resolutely continued to track down leads. In *Red Pawn* she presents for the first time the whole story of Noel Field—a true story, a considerable piece of detective work on Miss Lewis' part, and a disturbing, valuable picture of our times.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

Red Pawn ($4.95) by Flora Lewis is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. Copies are available at your bookseller, including any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 18 Adams Avenue West, Detroit 26, Michigan.

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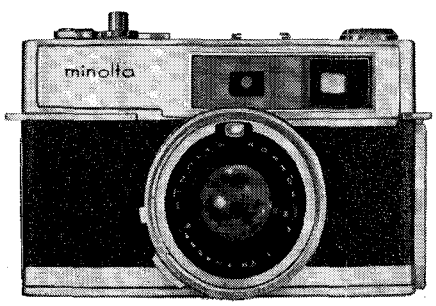
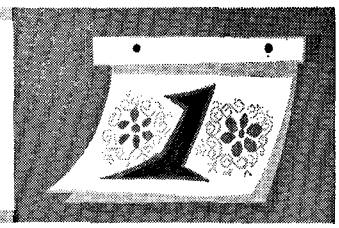


Minolta Hi-matic 7

First of the Month



By CLEVELAND AMORY

WHATEVER else President Johnson proved during the month, one thing was certain—nobody can call him a small spender. We're all for the Great Society, but on income, Mr. President, please on *income*. That dipping into capital—well, frankly, it just wasn't the way we did things in Boston and it makes us nervous. Particularly when you consider the capital you're dipping into is already pretty well dipped. As for the billion or billions or whatever it was Mr. Johnson wanted for textbooks—*textbooks*, for heaven's sake, we thought; they must be gold mines. In any case, our favorite comment came from Miss Inez Robb. "For millions of Americans," she wrote, "the Great Society awaits that day when women cease wearing hair curlers or rollers or bobby pins in public; when there is a return to the old American axiom that the 'customer is always right', with its corollary, 'service with a smile'; and when either the old-time handyman is once more available to a gadget-ridden public or a master pushbutton to keep all the other pushbuttons, once supposed to turn homes into heavens instead of hells, is invented to keep the housewife both sane and solvent."

• • •

Also during the month several things happened that, sooner or later, had to happen. Down in Memphis, Tennessee, a lady went to the police department to be fingerprinted for a government job and found she didn't have any fingerprints. The trouble? Well, it was just like those TV ads are always saying—harsh detergents. Meanwhile, another harsh detergent in the person of Nick (The Rebel) Adams, one of those numerous tell-all boys, turned up on the *Les Crane Show* and very nearly ended it all—at least he very nearly became the first man in history to ask television for a divorce. "It looks like we may wind up in the courts," he said. "I'm a lousy husband." Out in Hollywood, where it was apparently news to her, Mrs. Adams said, "That's Nick for you."

• • •

For the brighter side of the month, in Madison, Wisconsin, we met the country's No. 1 writer—in production—August Derleth. He had just finished his 114th book—he did four last year—and told us he had twenty more waiting for publication. "Last year," he told us shyly, "I wrote only 522,500 words, but I was very busy celebrating my twenty-fifth anniversary as a publisher." Mr. Derleth, who has sole custody of his two children, aged ten and eight, and also looks after his parents, aged eighty-two and seventy-eight, runs his "Arkham House" at Sauk City with practically no help. To do so, he gets up at four o'clock every morning to write his own books and package both his own and those of other people. He told us he publishes "a lot of macabre stuff, mostly British," among others Lord Dunsany, A. E. Coppard, L. P. Hartley, and H. P. Lovecraft (the last named, he told us, "sells better than anyone—even Derleth"). In his spare time, Derleth also does two columns for newspapers, including regular book reviews. He reviewed his latest book, *The Shadow in the Glass*, and panned it. "But I didn't say it wasn't up to my usual standard," he says. "I couldn't because it wasn't even close."

• • •

Out in Hollywood to see, among other things, a "pilot" of *O. K. Crackerby*, a television series we created, we were directed, by Burl Ives, who will star in it, to an "extra" in the cast of unusual interest, Mrs. Minta Durfee Arbuckle, the widow of Fatty Arbuckle. Mrs. Arbuckle, seventy-five years old and a star of the old Keystone comedies, to this day believes that her husband was framed in the case that arose out of the death of Virginia Rapp. "It was all politics," she said. "Part of it was the enmity between San Francisco and Los Angeles. Remember he was tried up there because that was where the girl died, and San Francisco was very jealous of Los Angeles because it was becoming the movie capital of the United States."

At the time of the trial, in 1921, Arbuckle was, in Mrs. Arbuckle's opinion, "the world's biggest star." "He was the highest paid," she says. "He had just signed for $3,000,000 and he was loved all over the world. More even than Chaplin. Chaplin may have been cleverer, but remember Fatty was bigger. He was a big boy, and women all over the world loved him."

Mrs. Arbuckle told us that Arbuckle had not one but three trials—the first two

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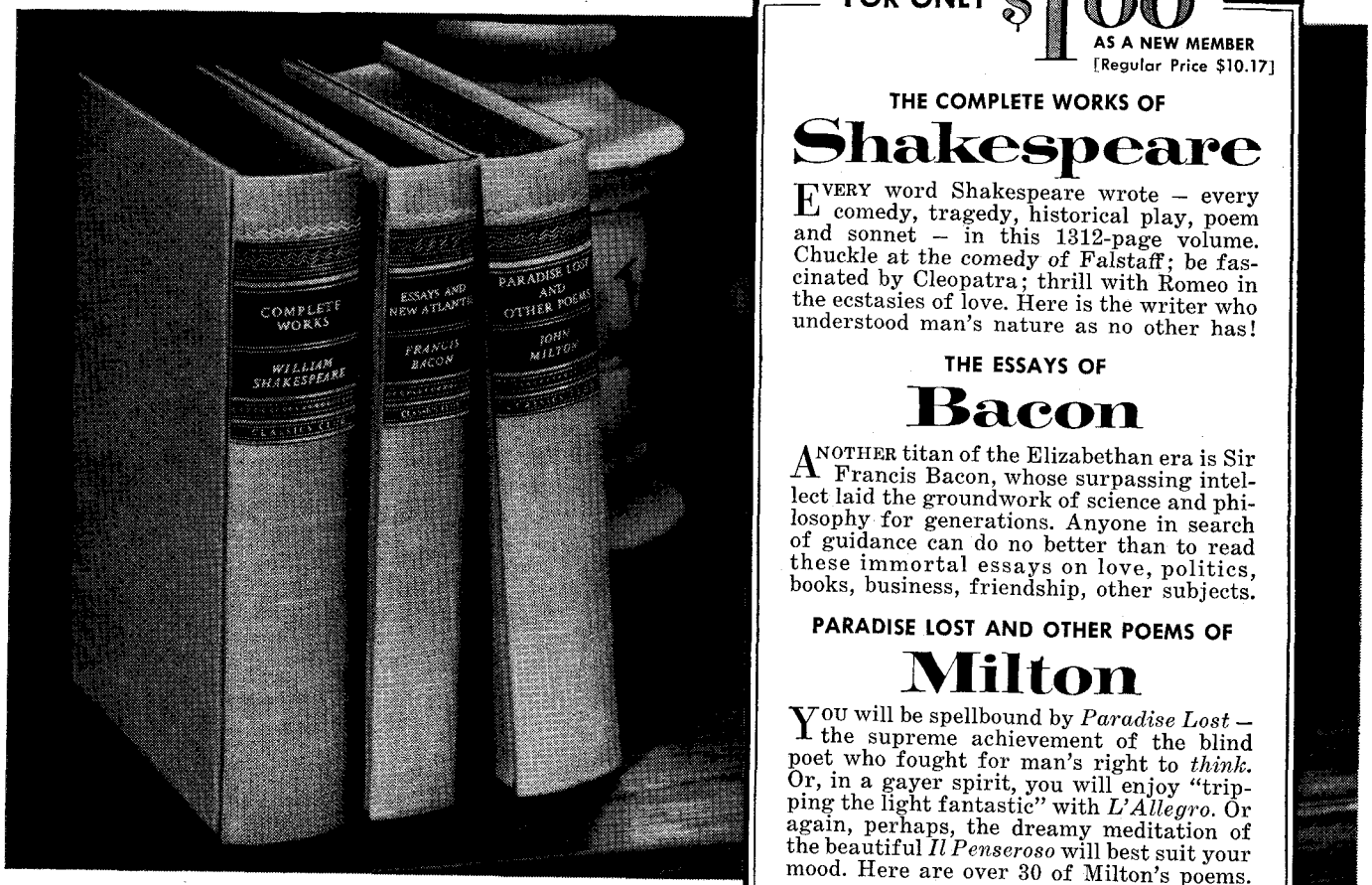

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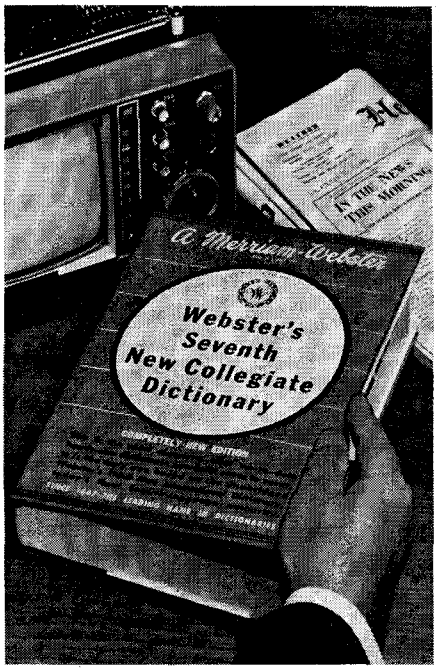

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had hung juries, the first 10-2 for acquittal, and the second 10-2 for conviction. At the third Arbuckle asked for, and received, apparently in an attempt to prove his innocence by the hardest test possible, an all-women jury. "They never even went out of the jury box," Mrs. Arbuckle told us. "It was one of the most dramatic things in courtroom history. They acquitted him in exactly one and a half minutes."

"But it didn't matter," Mrs. Arbuckle concluded. "His career was ruined." She told us they had junked all his unreleased movies and when he tried to change his name to William B. Goodrich they even joked about that. Someone said it should have been "Will B. Good." "But it was too late. I've always believed he died of a broken heart. I'm not bitter, but I can't help thinking about it all in comparison to nowadays. Why, nowadays it would be *good* for somebody's career. Today the more they talk about you, the bigger you are."

• • •

Also on our trip we learned that, in the city of Pomona, California, a doctor by the name of Frank Waltz, who is running for mayor, is making what he calls "the basic issue" of his campaign the fact that last June 20, when a three-month-old German shepherd belonging to his neighbors strayed into his garden, he promptly beat the dog to death with a shovel. "I would do it again," he says, "I'll kill any damn dog crossing over my property line. As a human being, I have domain over all animals, especially animals on my private property. This I am assured under Article One, Section One, of the U.S. Constitution. There are many children in my neighborhood. Dogs carry all sorts of foul diseases. If I had my way in Pomona, I would pass a law prohibiting a family from owning a dog if there were children eight years old or younger."

The two owners of the puppy, Ricky Murray, ten, and Ronnie, eight, are hopeful the doctor will not have his way. Together with their mother they have charged the doctor with malicious killing of their dog. He is also being charged with resisting arrest. However, as we went to press (before the hearing), Dr. Waltz was still sticking to his statements—perhaps the most amazing of which were "I killed the dog in a humane manner with one swat of the shovel" and "I am dedicated to the assistance of human beings, not to that of any other animal."

Well, all we can add to that is that the California branch of the Humane Society of the United States, under the leadership of Belton Mouras, in Sacramento, is dedicated to the assistance of all animals—even including what can be done about one like Dr. Waltz.

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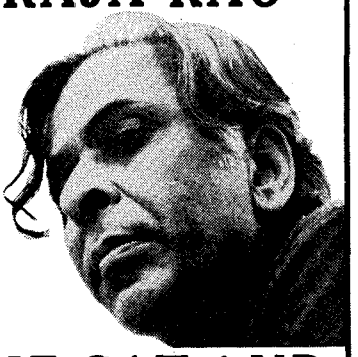

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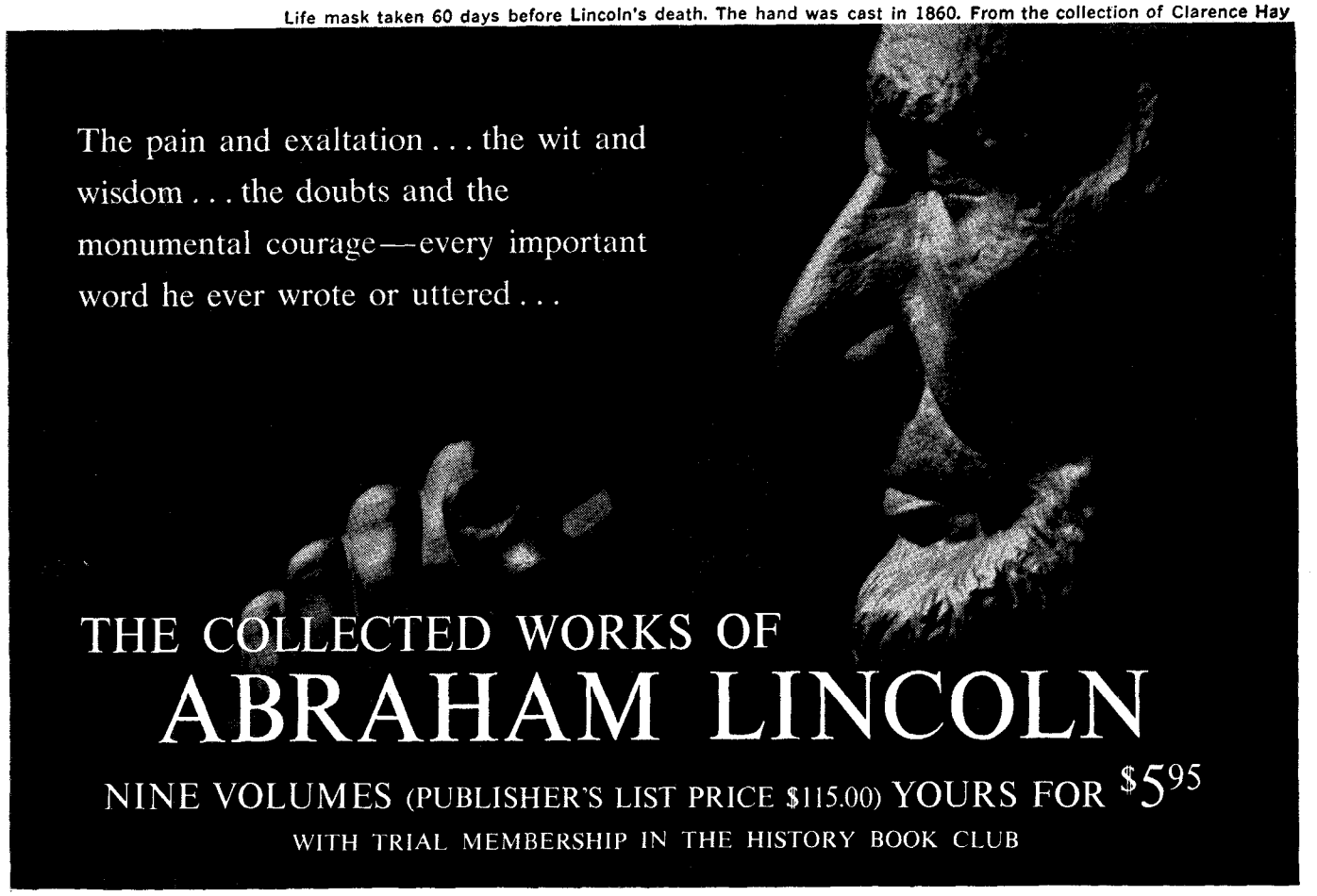

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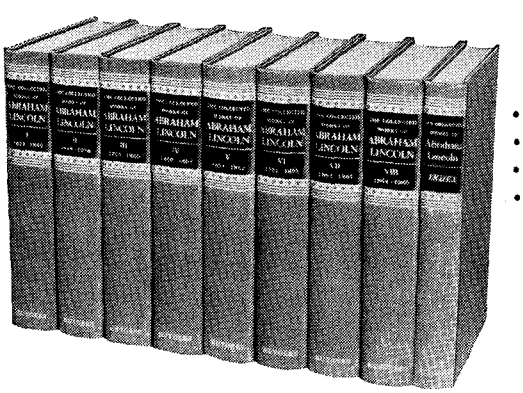

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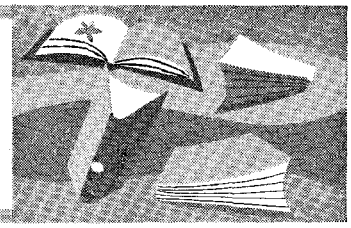


You never know what may be lurking inside an envelope. For instance, last September Vance Packard opened a letter from his German publisher that related the considerable confusion resulting from the fact that said publisher, in translating the title of *The Hidden Persuaders* for the German edition, had come up with the equivalent of *The Hidden Seducers*. As a result, many readers had written the famous European newspaper *Die Neue Zuricher Zeitung* complaining that the German title was both corrupt and misleading.

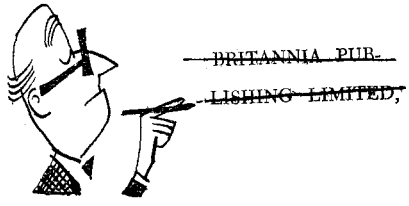
Taking to his typewriter, Mr. Packard wrote: "My impression, from a study of dictionaries, is that 'to persuade' and 'to seduce' are reasonably comparable in English, whereas, oddly, 'persuader' and 'seducer' have quite different connotations, the first suggesting one who has made rational appeals to reason; the second one who has made an amatory conquest, presumably by appeals other than to reason. On the other hand, I find no definitions of 'persuade' in English that reasonably describe the appeals to the subconscious that are the subject of the book—which is the reason I felt it necessary to use the qualifying word 'hidden.'"

Packard goes on to point out that some highly informed Americans seem to use the words "seduction" and "persuasion" almost interchangeably in talking about modern advertising techniques, claiming that they represent consumer seduction of the first water.

Our mail the other morning brought a letter and a package that reflected an odd coincidental relationship. From Karen Hecht, who works for the Kroch and Brentano bookstore in Chicago, we learned that the store sent several wires to track down copies of the book *The Dirty Old Faced Man* for a Christmas order. One book dealer lived in a town where there is no Western Union messenger service, and the telegraph operator phoned to give this telegram verbally: "Please send dirty old faced man before Christmas." After clearing his throat, the operator added: "I hope you know what this means."

My package, which had come from the enterprising halls of Simon & Schuster, contained a copy of a book in a plain brown wrapper. In bold stencil type across the jacket were the words: THIS IS A PLAIN BROWN WRAPPER. Inside the brown wrapper was the jacket for the new novel *The Man Who Wrote Dirty Books*. We were pleased to find that it was not at all salacious, but one of the more uproarious novels of the new season.

A letter received not long ago by Stan Warren, the publicist, carried the impressive heading "Britannia Publishing Limited", and indicated that Mr. Warren had been recommended for inclusion in a volume called *Leading Men in the United States of America*. But Mr. Warren smelled a rat when he noticed that a list of over fifty venerable organizations appeared on the back of the application with the notation: "*Leading Men in the United States of America*



will be made available to the following immediately upon printing . . ."

We made it a point to check Harry Joy, legal counsel for the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, whose institutional name seemed to be in rather severe jeopardy from such an enterprise.

Mr. Joy wrote us: "When this organization commenced its solicitations, we were deluged with inquiries as to whether this was an *Encyclopaedia Britannica* venture—which it is not. When challenged on this proposition, Britannia Publishing immediately agreed that there would be no further use of this name."

We pass this information along for any respondents who may be under the impression that the "Leading Men" enterprise had any connection with the world-famous encyclopedia.

When William Black opened his mail several weeks ago, he found a solicitation from the Columbia University School of Business requesting a $20 check for the alumni fund. Mr. Black, chairman of the board of Chock Full O'Nuts, promptly refused the request, pointing out that he felt it was wrong for the university to spend $6,000,000 on a new School of Business "which we don't need as long as cancer and other terrifying diseases remain unsolved." He went on to add that he felt the subject of business was not scientific enough to be taught, that a young man is better off with a general college education, and that he himself wasted his time at the School of Business.

But Mr. Black is not exactly an ungrateful alumnus. Two years ago he gave the Columbia Medical School the largest gift ever received from a living person: $5,000,000.

Recently we received a note claiming our list of authors in a previous TRADE WINDS had nothing whatever in common except a literary background. The list included such names as Shelley, Keats, Gertrude Stein, Zane Grey, James Joyce, Frank Slaughter and others. The common denominator beyond authorship, however, is that each writer studied medicine with the intent of becoming a doctor—which some of them actually did. Books written by members of the group are included in a current exhibition on the third floor of the New York Public Library, entitled: "Doctors as Men of Letters."

In another list we included such names as: George Washington, Grover Cleveland, James Buchanan, John Adams, Fred Freed, Andrew Jackson, Irving Gitlin, James Madison, Franklin Pierce. What do all these gentlemen have in common? They are all listed in the Manhattan telephone directory.

A third short list included the names: Skelton, Robards, Todd. These are not necessarily show business names. Martha Skelton was married to Thomas Jefferson. Rachel Robards was married to Andrew Jackson. And of course, Mary Todd was married to Abraham Lincoln.

Gordon Cawelti recently wrote his Chicago bank: "Recognizing that you have automated accounting machines, may I say that Yule expenses will make the regular first of the month automatic transfer from my checking to savings account impossible. Therefore, rather than asking your machines to do the impossible, please don't make the transfer this month." There are some things even automation can't do.

—JOHN G. FULLER.

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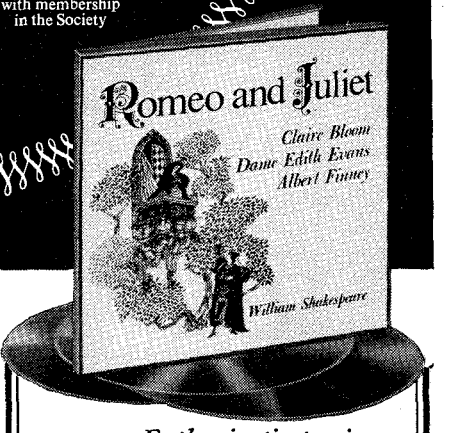

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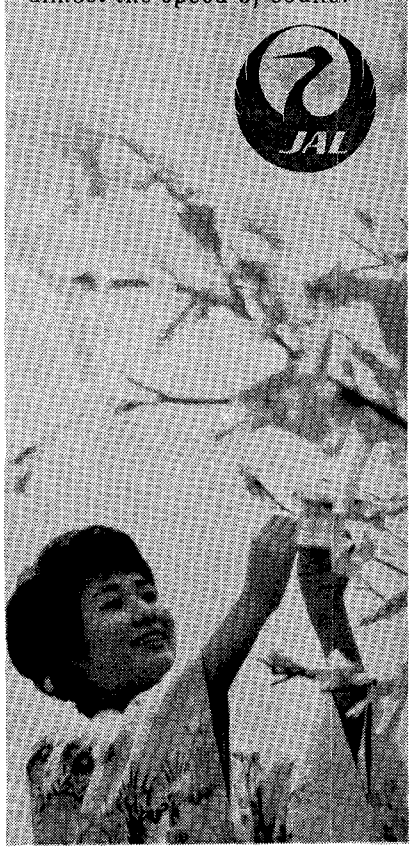

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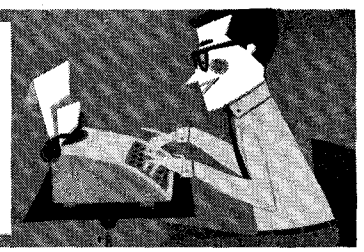


Peripatetic Programs

IN THEIR QUEST for higher ratings, the moving men have pulled up with their vans in TV's vast you-knowwhatland and are hauling the programs around to new neighborhoods —the high-rent districts for "entertainment" shows, the cold-water flats for programs that may have something cerebral to say.

The reason for all this moving is the theory that a program is known by the company it keeps. If a program is not highly rated it is moved to a place on the dial where it will follow a show that is highly rated and so will inherit the audience of that show. This assumes that viewers are basket cases, unable to reach a TV set and turn the dial. At the very least the moving men assume they can lead a viewer to water and make him drink out of their channel.

Any network program executive who went out on a limb to invest millions of dollars of his company's money on his judgment of new programs that would grab a high number in the rating book is now faced with the task of bringing that judgment to fruition. Obviously he can't cancel all those shows whose future seemed to him so bright only a few months ago. It's a dilemma—a frightening dilemma. So he starts moving them around. This theory is known as E equals MC scared.

This season one of those gentlemen who has been faced with this awesome dilemma is Mr. James T. Aubrey, now CBS's chief transfer man. In a recent newspaper interview Mr. Aubrey was quoted as saying that late December is "the moment of truth" for the TV business. Begging his pardon, and just speaking off the top of my pill, it seems to this viewer that the moment of truth was the moment he heard the story-line concept and read the first script.

This is not to say that network people don't read or confer on scripts. Every evening beleaguered network program workers may be seen stuffing into their rectangular little satchels pounds of scripts which they read and re-conceive at home into the early hours of the morning. They are known as The Night Writers. Their opinions are noted and passed on to the various projects and the changes are made. Often there is a conference. And if the concept does not meet with the program chief's approval he declares a new concept: "I see a man coming down a dusty road. He is not a sheriff, not a G man etc. etc. . . . ." (For details see Merle Miller's book, *Only You, Dick Daring.*)

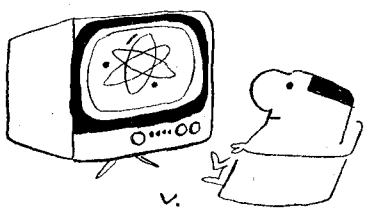
This is also not to say that the "audience lead-in" does not work. It has even been known to work in the viewer's interest. For example, the Dick Van Dyke show was despised by the executives during its first year because it had failed to snare a high rating. It was practically dropped three times for the following season. Finally it was placed following *The Beverly Hillbillies* and it got the looked for lead-in and is now one of our top shows and, only incidentally, our best situation comedy.

Came the following year when another program needed a lead-in audience and *Beverly Hillbillies* was moved to another hour to help the failing program. But in this new hour *Beverly Hillbillies* not only didn't help the failing program but it lost its own audience. Came this year's "moment of truth" and *Beverly Hillbillies* has been moved to a spot following *Mr. Ed* and *My Living Doll* in the hope it will get a lead-in from those two epics.

The moving of programs has no bearing on, no involvement with, no regard for, not the slightest interest in the actual worth of the show that is to be saved from this "moment of truth." So engrossed are program executives in rating instead of writing.

Along that line I would like to cite a program's sudden, brief spurt into the top ten for at least one rating this season. It was the Perry Como Christmas show presented from Rome. During the program Perry retold the story of the Nativity against a pageant of actors portraying the journey from Nazareth. There was no moving the show around to another hour or another day for a lead-in. There was no network executive to say: "I see a man and a woman traveling a long dusty road. She is heavy with child. There is no room at the inn. They are Jewish. . . ."

—GOODMAN ACE.



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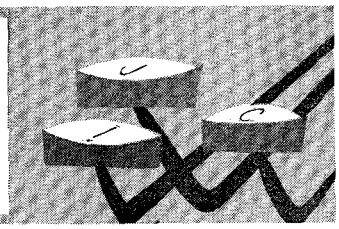
Manner of Speaking



Notes and Housekeepings: It is my stated custom to burn the files at year's end in the lost hope that order is somehow possible, and in the immediate need to have some sort of steerage room in the established disorder. Heaven knows what "monuments of unaging intellect" charred in my fireplace unread, but in the course of my random last glances I came on one file labeled "Nothing Much," and being in a mood for trivia, I amused myself with it, starting with a particular nugget I had jotted down during one of Shirley Jackson's lectures at Bread Loaf. Let me apologize to her for an obvious misfiling. I had put the sentence on a single sheet and then shuffled it in among other things. It read: "If your heroine's hair is golden, call it yellow."

Language Notes: Has any one commented on the diphthongizing (yes, its an accredited word among philologists, as is "monophthongizing") of the "u" sound in such words as "schedule" and "capsule." Somewhere along the way I made a note that effusers of TV commercials are pronouncing those words as "sched-you-all" and "caps-you-all." And then another note that one of the neighborhood children stopped by after "skoo-all." She's probably studying to be a telephone operator (if the pre-recorded tapes will let her join the union) and is in the "nigh-yenth" grade. May the tape machines blackball her, and may she be condemned to speak to no one but the tin ear who will marry her. *Les bourgeois à la lanterne, nom de dieu!*

More Language Notes: On the next sheet I found a mortifying note on Benn's suddenly developed tendency to say "ore" for "er." It isn't quite the Brooklynese "oi" for "er" as in "thoity poiple boids" but it seems to be moving toward Staten Island and across the Narrows, and the sound of it was distressing enough no matter where it came from or was going to. So "fur" is pronounced "four" as in "Mummy has a new four coat." Which is bad enough. But when he decided that "It looks good on whore," I had no choice but to make parental noises.

"Benn," I said, "not 'ore' but 'er.' Can't you hear the difference?"

Benn shrugged. "Oh, that's just my New Joursey accent."

O Absalom, my son, my son!

More Hopeful Language Notes: Whatever the assaults made upon it, the language keeps rising from itself anew. On a sheet labeled simply "overheard in a gas station" I found this bit of functioning language: "Being a sergeant, that's all right. But liking it—that's for the dog to eat."

And though I have an uneasy feeling that I have told this story before, I should rather repeat it than let it be lost. I had gone to the lumber yard to buy a few boards for bookshelving, just a couple of lengths of plain old white pine. I hadn't bought any lumber for some time, however, and when the man told me the price I was a bit stunned. This man, however, was equal to all occasions. According to my note, what he said was: "You think this stuff grows on trees?"

And credit Benn with a remark I jotted down one noon when he was home from school and had brought a new school chum for lunch. Daddy, of course, was still in bed, though just stirring to wakefulness, and just in time to hear voices down the stairwell. "Here, Benn," said Mummy, "take Daddy a cup of coffee."

"Doesn't your Daddy go to work?" said the new voice.

"Work?" said Benn. "He's not even out of bed yet!"

But blessed if I'll let Benn be the only wit in the family. I do sometimes get out of bed in the morning, though never with any spiritual profit. I had groped my way into the kitchen one morning even before nine and was injecting coffee into my ruined psyche while the kids were playing snarl and pandemonium.

"And how," said Judith in *that* tone, as the walls began to crack, "and how do *you* like being a parent?"

I am proud to say I did not even open the other eye, nor so much as betray a quiver of the hypodermic. "Apparent?" I said, not quite finding the psychic vein but still trying, "*I* am not even visible!"

Well, why shouldn't sons mourn for their fathers, too?

Parody and Imitation: And in no context but a letter from L. K. of Los Altos, California, who had written to ask the difference between a parody and an imitation, I discovered that I had started and then abandoned some notes toward a column herewith reinstated:

In reason, may I say, L. K. could have saved himself a five-cent stamp by looking in the dictionary; in reason I mean to save my five cents by putting the answer into this column rather than into the mails; and, reasoning with the Chinese that one illustration is worth at least some of the words he would have found in the dictionary, had he looked there, I shall simply illustrate what he will find if he does look.

Robert Frost was a man and a poet for whom I had, and have, an admiration touched by almost everything but reverence. Perhaps that lack may partially account for the following parody, though let me add it was intended in nothing but good humor.

THAT COW

A cow came over the wall New
England Style—
Its hind end first. As if it knew
There was more in what it was
coming from
Than what it was going to.

In another mood, I found myself flying back from Florida where I had just been interviewing Mr. Frost for a piece on his eighty-fifth birthday. I had spent most of two days with him before getting on that plane, and there in the sky I found his voice still going in my head where it produced the following imitation:

OVER THE CLOUDS
IN THAT OTHER SUNSHINE

There's long range sense and
there's short range sense.
One and the other. They're both
immense.
Though in the dream of the Great
Dispenser
One of them's bound to seem
immenser.
Though in the dream of the
Great Consumer
It all comes down to a sense
of humor.

And Lampoon (If That's What it Is): No one has asked me anything about the lampoon, but as one thing leads to another, I find tucked away in the same memory bank with the Frost pieces a little lampoon of W. H. Auden, another poet for whom I have a high admiration, which I mention in the hope it may testify to the gentleness of my intention.

PROGRESS OF THE SOUL

There once was a poet named Aud'n
Whose poems were not maudl'n
but mod'n.
The first things he wrote
Struck a socialist note.
But increasingly now he lets God'n.

—JOHN CIARDI.

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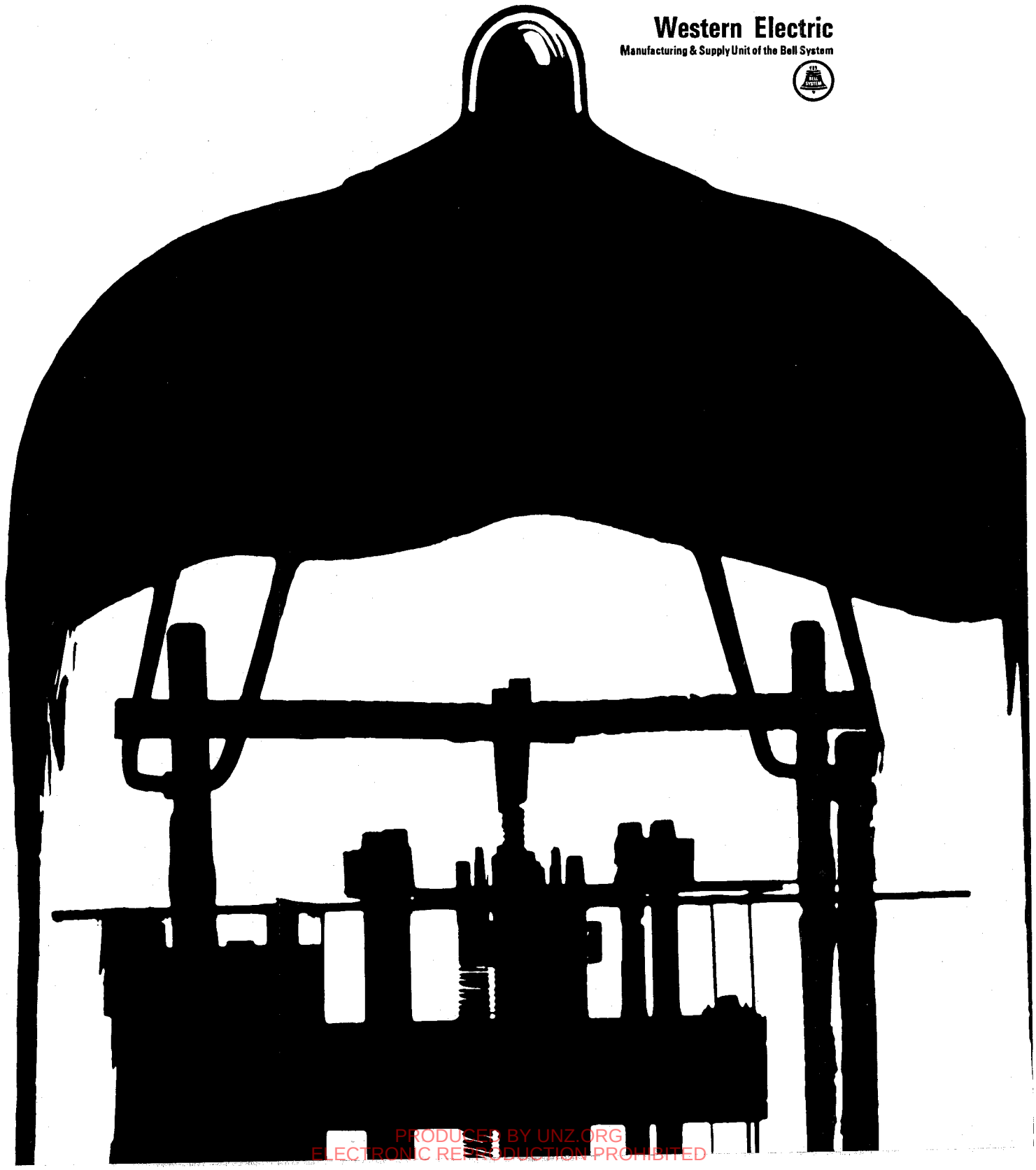
WHY IS THE WORLD'S PUREST NICKEL AT THE BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN?

The ocean depths are forbidding and inaccessible. That's why the communications equipment Western Electric makes for the Bell System's underseas voiceways has to be able to work a minimum of 20 years without maintenance. Every inch must be as nearly perfect as it is humanly possible to make it. ☐ As an example, look at the electron tubes in the highly complex amplifiers that boost your voice signal every 20 miles along the way. All electron tubes, even of the highest quality, are subject to burn-out because of impurities in the nickel used to make cathodes. So how do you make a tube that you are reasonably sure will work for 20 years? Keep the impurities down below 50 parts in a million — about equal to a teaspoon of pepper in a barrel of salt. That's a challenge even in the laboratory. And Western Electric was called on to do it on a production basis. ☐ Solving difficult manufacturing problems, however, is one of the important skills Western Electric people have developed over the 83 years we have been part of the Bell System. It is a skill that helps turn the communications developments of Bell Laboratories into the reliable products that bring you the best, most convenient communications service in the world.

Western Electric

Manufacturing & Supply Unit of the Bell System



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Saturday Review
February 6, 1965

THE LITERARY CHURCHILL

By J. H. PLUMB

WINSTON CHURCHILL was many things during the ninety years of his life, but in all of them he remained a man of letters. Few public figures have valued the written and spoken word as he did, and few have used it with such versatility or to such effect. To consider him as a literary man, therefore, is to come very close to one of the central aspects of his life. Churchill himself once remarked, in fact, that he regarded himself as a writer who had been only momentarily interrupted by two world wars.

Sir Winston Churchill was born at Blenheim Palace, not a house or a home but a monument, built to glorify his ancestor, John Duke of Marlborough, and his battles. His father was Lord Randolph Churchill, a Duke's son, gifted, flamboyant, reckless, an orator who could hold the Victorian House of Commons spellbound. He died early, a failure, crushed and defeated by the inexorable men of small mind who are the bone and sinew of politics. His mother was Jennie Jerome, the gay, pleasure-loving daughter of a tough American millionaire. Although she loved English social life, she always stood a little apart, conscious of other places, other people. Sir Winston's education followed the pattern of the English aristocracy: governess, preparatory school, public school (Harrow), the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, a remorseless emphasis on Latin, Greek, mathematics; for exercise, the horse and the gun; for the molding of character, the officers' training corps. There was a little history and geography, and bits and pieces of literature —Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome,* Stevenson's tales – as solace for the imagination. It was a life—bright, rich, ordinary for its class—yet shadowed in strange places with tragedy and discontent.

Nor were his parents rich by the standards of their friends. They lived high—parties, dinners, balls, the lavish gaiety of the Victorian social round. Large houses, a drove of servants, and extravagant clothes ate away their smallish income and sharpened the anxieties that Lord Randolph's political life engendered. The brilliant father, cheated of his ambition, died a difficult death. By then Churchill, who had done abysmally badly at school, was a young subaltern, about to join the Fourth Hussars, an expensive regiment for a man without any means worth talking about. For the next four years Churchill careered about the world, using his social influence, tasting excitement—guerilla warfare in Cuba and fighting tribesmen on the northwestern frontier of India. This was a spirited time interlaced with danger. Churchill next witnessed the bloody affair of the Mahdi that culminated in the Battle of Omdurman. Then came a time as a war correspondent in South Africa for the Boer War. This led to capture and imprisonment. All of this was the stuff of history as well as war. During these years, principally at Bangalore in India between bouts of polo, Churchill began to read serious history, Gibbon, Macaulay, J. R. Green, and even more serious political philosophy – Plato, Aristotle, Schopenhauer, Malthus. The life of action had proved insufficient for this small, restless, red-headed young aristocrat; his creative energies were too great, his need for expression was too insistent.

AND so Churchill began to write contemporary military and imperial history, describing his campaigns as if they were Caesar's: first came *The Malakand Field Force,* then *The River War.* These brought quick fame for Churchill, followed by invitations to lecture, to write articles, to undertake books. America welcomed him as ardently as Britain. The historian was launched. And so was the politician, for enough money to live on enabled him to quit the army and finally, after initial defeat, to enter the House of Commons. For the next fifty years the historian and the statesman worked to-

J. H. Plumb, the distinguished historian and biographer, teaches English history at Christ College, Cambridge.

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Winston Churchill and the Human Potential

WHAT IS it that is most significant about the response to Churchill's death? Is it the size and depth of the outpouring of acclaim and grief? This is not what is most significant. Several times during the twentieth century—most notably following the deaths of Franklin D. Roosevelt, Mahatma Gandhi, John F. Kennedy, Jawarharlal Nehru, Pope John XXIII—there have been world-wide demonstrations of loss deeply felt. What is most significant about the response to Churchill's death is the reflection in it of the changes he created in the people he reached. In speaking to the strength inside people, he caused that strength to come into being.

The human potential is the most magical but also most elusive fact of life. Men suffer less from hunger or dread than from living under their moral capacity. The atrophy of spirit that most men know and all men fear is tied not so much to deprivation or abuse as it is to their inability to make real the best that lies within them. Defeat begins more with a blur in the vision of what is humanly possible than with the appearance of ogres in the path or a hell bevond the next turning. Because of Winston Churchill, millions of people discovered their ability to come fully alive. They knew they faced total danger, but he helped them to find their capacity for total response. They also learned it was far less painful to pit the whole of themselves against a monstrous force than it was to sit on the sidelines half alive.And the beginning of the end of the Hitlerian nightmare came not when the Nazi military juggernaut was at last slowed down but when free men became unblocked inside, when they stopped equivocating about values, when they put aside relativistic notions of good and evil, and when they came to respect the rights of generations vet unborn. They lost what thev most needed losing, their cynicism and awkwardness in the presence of greatness. It was not rhetoric alone that enabled them to do this. It was the recognition the rhetoric gave them that history was what men made it.

Courage to him was more than a spirited charge into a hurricane of flying bullets. It was a wondrous human assortment—hearty laughter, warm feelings, and the enjovment of living in general. The ability to come fullv alive was to be seen not solely in terms of a full adrenalin response to danger but in comprehending the creative possibilities that come with the gift of life. There was nothing freakish about versatility; what was unnatural, rather, was the man who permitted himself to develop in onlv a single direction. The highest privilege was the freedom to choose; the meanest affliction was to live without option. He gave options to a world quickly running out of time and space.

In all the acclaim accorded Winston Churchill, little has been said about his impact on the philosophy of his time. Yet one of his most profound contributions to his age was the evidence he offered that men are not at the mercy of historical determinism, that they do not need to worship their helplessness, as has happened occasionallv under existentialism. Churchill stands in the great tradition of Franklin-Holmes-James in the proof he offers that the uniqueness of man is represented bv his ability to reverse old forces and create new ones. Churchill claimed he did no more than to sound the roar. He did much more. He shattered the notion of a philosophical or political inevitability. In so doing, he gave reality to freedom and nobility to reality.

All this was possible in Churchill not because of his courage alone, or because of his knowledge of the human potential and how to reach it, but because he could look beyond causes to their consequences. He had a highly developed sense for the anticipation of crisis. He was a superb politician but he had none of the average politician's fear of identifving an unpleasant fact or of calling for sacrifice. In an atomic age, the only thing greater than the danger is the propensity for drift. The most cherished national possession is the lull. The means for incinerating the planet are being developed in a dozen or more places, not all of which are led by men who believe in the theory of natural goodness or the desire to ennoble the human estate. The consequences of these actions will be averted not by any abstract belief that justice and the good, if left to themselves, automatically triumph in the end, but by the energies and actions of enough men who, like Churchill, believe in their capacity to do the impossible.

—N.C.

gether, molding each other's ideas and subtly influencing decisions about the present and the past. Very rarely in the history of mankind have great statesmen been historians. Even rarer has it been for the great historians to be statesmen. Yet Churchill was undeniably both. And both the historian and the statesman were tied to a special, an almost personal past—to Blenheim, to the tough world of Victorian politics where a commonplace Cecil had stifled a Churchill genius, to the exotic, glamorous life of a cavalry officer in the India of the British Raj. It was a world of privilege and tradition. These were the influences and forces that were to mold not only the choice of subjects that Churchill the historian wrote about but also the way he was to write his books.

His works were, however, the result of his character as well as his environment. As with most great statesmen, Churchill's temperament was not a subtle one. His private life was straightforward. He married late, but married happily. There was no complexity. Friendship did not come easily; most men distrusted his vivid imagination and his obvious thirst for power. Those ties that he did form with Beaverbrook, Cherwell, and Brendan Bracken were marked by a tenacious, obstinate loyalty. Many thought him rash because Churchill took decisions easily – not only about actions but also about people and about principles. Once made, they were difficult to change. He enjoyed being obstinate. His compulsive desire for decisive acts led him to prefer military and political history, to delight in the trenchant delineation of character, and to love pungent historical judgments.

Although simple and somewhat inflexible, Churchill's character bubbled with passion. He obviously enjoyed anger and ferocity, yet he was also warmhearted, quickly moved to tears, and could indulge a generosity that is rare in political life. He responded directly to a sense of occasion with something of the unawareness of a child. This is as true of his histories as of his life. Time and time again, one is reminded of one of his great models in the writing of history—Macaulay. He, too, was a man of straightforward feeling and judgment, quick to praise, quick to condemn, resolute, forthright, blinkered to subtlety, and like Churchill he lacked doubt. No wonder Churchill read and reread him. Certainty, simplicity, warm feeling, these are all qualities which, when transferred into

—Karsh, Ottawa.

"Churchill was conscious of being a historian who would write of the events even as he enacted them."

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the language of literature, make for a mastery of narrative, a clarity of exposition, and a universality of appeal that most historians can never hope to possess.

These advantageous gifts had, however, their corollary of weakness. Churchill was not a clever man. He possessed a good memory and a splendid capacity for self-expression but he was no intellectual. One looks almost in vain in his *History of the English Speaking Peoples* for the complexities of economic, intellectual, scientific, or technological history. True, the reason for this partly lay in his social origins, date of birth, and education, but it was also partly due to the limitations imposed on him by his very moderate intelligence. His lack of high intellectual powers made it easy for him to accept without question the historical traditions of his class. This was the grand whiggery of his Spencer ancestors—English history was the slow growth of law and liberty, via Magna Carta, reformation, civil war, and so on to the triumph of Parliament and of Cabinet; these liberties the English planted overseas, carried to alien races, and conferred on the lower orders. The unity of the empire was brought about by kingship and by an ever-abiding sense of the destiny of the English-speaking peoples that embodied God's will.

This was the kernel of his historical belief, as it was the mainspring of his political attitude. There were times when his concept of the English historical tradition gave to his statesmanship a sense of destiny, as when he stood four-square for resistance to Hitler after the appalling defeats of 1940. Yet there were other occasions when this attachment to the past blinded his vision of the future. His attitude to India was deeply historic and deeply absurd. He realized that India had been a prey to invasion for centuries; he knew that Russia's interest, over a century old by 1945, had not waned; he had experienced the ferocity of tribal warfare on India's frontiers and the weakness of her peasantry; he had lived long enough in India to appreciate the slowness of her progress, and the terrible inertia of her caste-ridden society. And his memory dwelt on the countless Englishmen who had lived and fought and died for English supremacy. None of these things should have mattered against the concept of a future India—free, industrialized, struggling by itself and for itself, escaping from its dingy history. This he could not perceive; lacking all capacity for historical analysis, his intellect could not lead him to conclusions at variance with his beliefs. The future, except in war, was never in Churchill's bones.

In many ways his best books deal with contemporary military history. His two great books on World War I and World War II will remain masterpieces. They possess vital information, magnificent writing, and Churchill's point of view. They cannot yet be adequately criticized, for not enough material has been published. Churchill was conscious of being a historian who would write of the events even as he enacted them. This conscious knowledge that everything he wrote was a historical document will make the task of the suspicious historian doubly difficult. To unravel the true course of events, to analyze the exact interplay of character or to weigh the importance of decisions will require a profound knowledge of Churchill and the way he worked as a historian. Decades must pass, and thousands of documents become available, before a proper criticism of these books can be made. Whatever the final evaluation may be, they will remain as the most remarkable historical survey ever made by a statesman of world stature. The qualities that make these books so readable—the exceptional mastery of complex events, the rapid narrative pace sustained for hundreds of thousands of words, the splendor of the language that rises, as so few writers of this century have made it rise, to the grandeur of man's destiny whether for triumph or tragedy—are to be found, in embryo, in his earlier books. *The Malakand Field Force* is, true enough, overwritten and untidy in detail, yet it was, and is, immensely readable—the first quality required in any book.

And *The River War* is an excellent piece of military history. Without their author's fame to sustain them, however, both books might have died early deaths. The same cannot be said of the three books by which Churchill must be judged as a historian in its accepted sense: the life of his father, *Lord Randolph Churchill*, the monumental biography of his ancestor, *John Duke of Marlborough*, and his four-volume *History of the English Speaking Peoples*.

Both of his historical biographies possess one quality that should ensure their survival, whatever their merits; they contain, as indeed do all the Churchillian volumes on contemporary history, a vast collection of documents not obtainable elsewhere. Churchill liked to print the documents on which he based his judgments. The life of his father, too, contains a great quantity of information derived from Lord Randolph's friends, colleagues, and enemies that is obtainable nowhere else. And this book will remain, for these facts alone, fundamental to the study of late nineteenth-century politics. The same is true to a lesser extent of *Marlborough*. Churchill was able to ransack the Blenheim archives, which scarcely anyone had used for well over 100 years. Furthermore, he was rich enough by the 1930s to be able to afford first-class scholars to work for him in the great collections of European archives at The Hague, Vienna, Paris, and elsewhere. His quick, sure eye for the relevant dispatch and memorandum rarely failed him, and these, too, went pretty well verbatim into his *Marlborough*. The standard of transcription was high and so, irrespective of its other qualities, the Marlborough is a rich quarry of source material. And of course both books have other qualities. Both are essentially about men in action—Lord Randolph in politics, Marlborough in war—and Churchill understood, better than most historians, the way decisions in these matters were arrived at. Lord Randolph's political campaigns are as real and exciting as Marlborough's battles. So long as Churchill is dealing with the question "how" rather than the question "why" he reaches the very highest class of historical writing. And of course the lives of men of action are more concerned with "how" than "why." Finally, both books aim to be literature. Churchill understood history to be a part of a nation's culture like its poetry or drama or music. His two acknowledged masters—Gibbon and Macaulay—had written for all who love literature, not for their professional colleagues. So Churchill always tried not only to write well but also to link what he had to say about history with common human experience. In this his success was betwixt and between. So long as the events or the human reactions were on a bold scale—dealing with courage, endurance, misery, or defeat—he wrote with authority and with deep understanding, and often his words clothed his feeling in majestic and memorable phrases. If the human or political situation became complex—a mixture of conscious and unconscious motives, of good and evil, of treachery and patriotism existing side by side—

(*Continued on page 48*)

Churchill on Record: Within recent weeks London Records has issued the most comprehensive documentation of the Churchill speeches and writings ever compiled. Titled *Winston Churchill: His Memoirs and His Speeches*, it presents, in his own voice, a twelve-record, twenty-four-side sequence of historical statements covering the period from 1918 to 1945. It begins with a reading from his *Memoirs* titled "Follies of the Victors" and concludes with two messages dated May 8, 1945: "Unconditional Surrender" and "This Is Your Victory."

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ANTIQUITY'S UNDERCOVER MAGICIANS

By HELEN NELSON

A LUCKY coincidence, seized upon with imagination, has led to the recovery of a second-century Hebrew manuscript that throws new light upon some of the people who once lived around the Eastern end of the Mediterranean. For scholars it is expected to provide a great source for further research; for both scholars and the not so scholarly, it makes the ancients appear startlingly modern and we, and our problems, perhaps less unique than we had thought.

The global detective work leading to the manuscript's recovery was done by Dr. Mordecai Margalioth, a professor at the Jewish Theological Seminary of America in New York City and a leading authority on the Cairo *Genizah*. (*Genizah* is Hebrew for "hiding place"; the Cairo *Genizah* is a collection of ancient writings found in Egypt in 1896, but since scattered throughout the world and largely unidentified.)

Dr. Margalioth, who is the author of critical works on *Genesis*, *Exodus*, and *Leviticus*, and who has edited such works as the *Encyclopedia of Talmudic Sages*, was engaged in a similar project at Cambridge University in June 1963 when he came across a fragment of the Cairo *Genizah* written in Hebrew of the second century. It was, of all things, a mystical charm for ensuring the winning of a horse race.

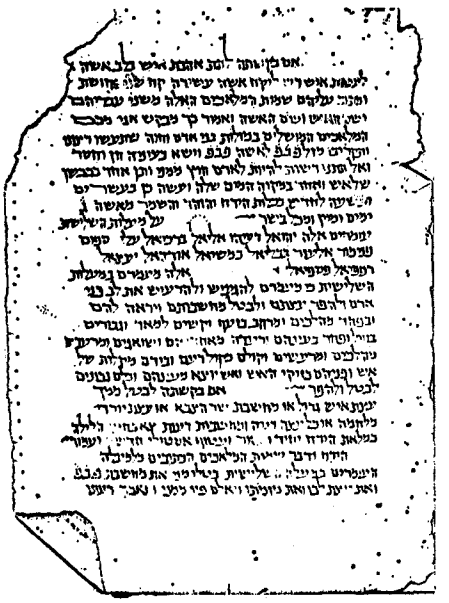
Puzzled, Dr. Margalioth put the piece aside and went on with his project. But when, a few months later, while studying a portion of the Cairo *Genizah* in Vienna, he came upon another bit of mystical prose in the same handwriting, it suddenly occurred to him that he just might have a clue to a problem that had puzzled scholars for centuries. From the tenth century on there are frequent references in medieval literature to an evil "Sefar ha-Razim" (Hebrew for Book of Secrets), a book of magic charms believed to have been used by a Jewish Gnostic sect. Could these two pieces be parts of the *Razim*? It was known that there had been heretical Hebrews in those times, but so far no one had discovered any literary remnants of them. Could it be that they had really made the written record of their prohibited practices that the *Razim* appeared to be and that he might uncover it?

Dr. Margalioth still had no idea how far these ancient Hebrews had actually departed from the prescribed paths, but consultation with other professors strengthened his hunch that he was on the trail of something truly interesting. Accordingly, he began an investigation in all the places where parts of the Cairo *Genizah* are kept. (His task was simplified by the fact that the pages of the book followed a numerical sequence based on the seven planes of the Gnostic heaven.) He was able to do some of his work at the Jewish Seminary in New York, which houses a large collection of the Cairo *Genizah*. From there he went to Boston, Philadelphia, Rome, Jerusalem, Budapest, Paris, and Oxford.

Eventually, he had found fifty-nine of the sixty pages of the *Razim*. Then he applied to the Soviet Minister of Education and Culture, asking to examine the large *Genizah* collection in the Leningrad Library. His application was promptly granted.

When he reached the Leningrad Library, just last summer, he was able to call for the precise box of Cairo *Genizah* fragments that contained the last page of the *Razim*. A microfilm of this page arrived at the Seminary in New York early in December. Soon afterward Dr. Margalioth was able to announce the reconstruction of the entire book. It was pieced together from hundreds of fragments written on parchment, chiefly in Hebrew. (Some of the linking passages have not yet been found, but Dr. Margalioth has been able to reconstruct these from medieval references.)

Although Dr. Margalioth found the Hebrew in the reconstructed *Razim* to be "deep Hebrew, stylistic Hebrew, wonderful Hebrew. . . ," the whole manuscript is in effect a how-to book containing directions on everything from how to attract a wealthy wife to making oneself invisible. It is not only evidence of the profane customs of the Hebrew Gnostics but of the extent to which they influenced, and were influenced by, their Greek and Egyptian neighbors. In fact,



Rare Discovery—Dr. Mordecai Margalioth uncovered in the Leningrad Library this early copy of the last page of a long lost manuscript on magic written in the second century. (Picture above is a photocopy.)

the sources of the *Razim* are so thoroughly mixed up that in many places it calls upon Greek gods to strengthen the effectiveness of charms taken from Egyptian sorcery, with additions from Hebrew and Greek folklore.

The *Razim* disappeared a few centuries after it was written, but not before it had been widely copied. Hence, in the Middle Ages, the magic charms of the *Razim* were being repeated (and often distorted) by some at the same time as they were being attacked by others. Sometimes this was done directly, but more often it was done indirectly—as though even to mention the name of the book would be unthinkable. Thus Dr. Margalioth believes that many phrases in the *Talmud* that scholars have not been able to understand become intelligible after reading the *Razim*. For instance, a phrase in the *Talmud* prohibiting the burying of an object at a crossroads might, in actual fact, be prohibiting Jews from following a magic practice set forth in the *Razim*.

Dr. Margalioth has no idea how many people followed the prescriptions of the *Razim*. "Before the book was found," he says, "we had only evidence that strong voices thundered against heretics. This is the first proof of what the heretics were actually up to."

The habits of these Hebrews—and of the Greeks and Egyptians of their time—were indeed shocking. For, in addition to worshipping false gods, they apparently had all the more worldly vices of the people of the twentieth century. They played the horses, coveted other men's wives, dodged bill-collectors, tried to influence judges. Among the charms

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JOHN T. WINTERICH

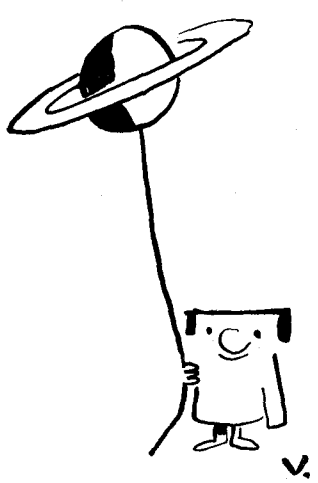
Change—Possibly for the Better

AT the heart of the dispute between the Chinese Communist leaders and the new Soviet leaders is a conflicting interpretation of Karl Marx. Mao Tse-tung is aghast at the economic incentives being introduced in the Soviet Union. To his mind, increases in private property, bonuses tied to extra production, and the accumulation of private capital—just to mention a few developments—prove that the Soviet Union has veered sharply away from Marx. In fact, Mao has accused the Russians of putting bourgeois satisfactions ahead of socialist sacrifices.

What Mao may be missing is that high productivity in the minds of the Soviet leaders is a matter of national survival. Where ideology serves the purposes of production, ideology will be followed. Where ideology slows up production, ideology will be re-examined or revised. It was no accident that anxiety over inadequate production figured so largely in the recurrent debates inside the Soviet hierarchy. And out of those debates has come apparent agreement that the system of enlarged incentives associated with Khrushchev must be expanded.

The question, therefore, is whether Soviet leaders have ignored Marx. A careful reading of *Das Kapital* may indicate that Marx has figured largely in recent decisions, even though the course of action flowing out of these decisions may be somewhat different from the trend of Marx's own hopes. Specifically, it is possible that Soviet leaders have been profoundly impressed by Marx's examination of what he considered to be the fundamental characteristics of capitalism. Chief among these characteristics, said Marx, was a natural and prodigious facility for production. As he saw it, this resulted in chronic overproduction, maldistribution, and an inevitable struggle for foreign markets.

It is possible, however, that what Marx saw as a dead end may be seen by Soviet leaders today as a way out. For if their main problem is underproduction, and it is true that high production flows almost automatically out of the elements of a free economy, then this is too significant to ignore. With high production in today's world, all things are possible. Without it, nothing is possible. People can't eat theories. They can't wear ideology. They can't find shelter inside statues to national heroes.



Whatever philosophical or ideological goals may animate a national leader on coming into office in today's world, he isn't in power very long before he finds himself preoccupied with pressures inside his own country—too many people without adequate housing; not enough wheat or corn or meat to take care of hungry people whose grumbles become ominous thunder if ignored; not enough brainpower or skilled labor to translate technological prospects into productive reality. What happens in the outside world is vital—but the top priorities go to internal needs. When Nikita Khrushchev was in office, he looked around and he saw ineptness, inertia, and incompetence resulting from the massive bureaucracy that had been built up in the name of Marxism and Leninism. When we met with him in December 1962, he referred to the inability of the Soviet economy to meet expectations, especially in agriculture. We asked whether he didn't feel that such failures were inherent in the Soviet system of economic organization. He replied that there was nothing rigid about that system. "We are not too proud to learn from others," he added. "We can even learn from you."

In scrutinizing the United States and the West in general, therefore, Nikita Khrushchev—and his present successors—have undoubtedly caught the significance of Marx's remark; namely, that free economic societies like the U.S. and Great Britain have no difficulty in making things and in growing things. It would appear that a word from Marx to the wise is sufficient. As for the specter of maldistribution and a fearsome world struggle for markets that Marx also associated with the highly productive society, there is reason to believe that the Russian leaders would prefer to take their chances with too much rather than too little.

With the upgrading of the Russian economy has come some degree of political unfreezing and opening up of intercourse with the West. The positive possibilities of these developments, however, have not always been apparent to Western policy-makers. Indeed, some of these political strategists are still acting and reacting as they did back in the Twenties and Thirties. For a long time they held to the view that improvement in the living conditions of the Russian people were inimical to the West and to the cause of freedom in general. They favored an arms race not on military grounds alone but as a means of putting pressure on the Soviet economy, diverting resources and manpower away from Russian consumer needs. Fortunately, this no longer is the predominant view in U.S. government thinking and planning. It is now recognized that a condition of maximum economic stress inside

(*Continued on page* 42)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Biographical Battle

My attention has been drawn to a statement made by Richard Plant in his review of *The Freud Journal of Lou Andreas-Salomé* [*SR*, Jan. 2]. Mr. Plant writes: "One biographical study has been published, a full-length biography is promised, and now we have this short diary of her association with Freud, Jung, Adler, Ferenczi, Rilke, Franz Werfel, Max Scheler, Richard Beer-Hofmann, and others."

Mr. Plant does not say so, but I assume what he calls a "biographical study" refers to my book *My Sister, My Spouse: A Biography of Lou Andreas-Salomé* (W. W. Norton, 1962). If this assumption is correct Mr. Plant does me less than justice, for my book is "a full-length biography." No doubt other accounts of the life of this remarkable woman will be written, though whether they will be fuller biographies than mine remains to be seen.

H. F. Peters.

Portland, Ore.

The review of *The Freud Journal of Lou Andreas-Salomé*, translated by Dr. Stanley A. Leavy, was more revealing of the reviewer than of the book and its translator. This is seen particularly in the final paragraph of that review, which had packed into it so much priggishness and scurrility of the reviewer, whose chief recommendation for this job seems to have been the writing of a Ph.D. thesis. He decries the "fun" of watching the play of Freud's mind, calling it "frivolous," while at the same time taking the translator to task for not using a lighter touch, complaining that the style is "AMA Modern," whatever that is supposed to mean. He writes off rather than reviews, and his condescension becomes insufferable when he concludes with: "Dr. Leavy's notes are also inadequate, although he has worked hard."

. . . I read the book, as have many of my colleagues, and we are enthusiastic about Dr. Leavy's brilliant introduction and excellent translation of a most difficult German style. It is a significant contribution to those works bearing on Freud's life and work, and it is only fair that it be reviewed by someone competent to deal with the subject.

Henry Wexler, M.D.

New Haven, Conn.

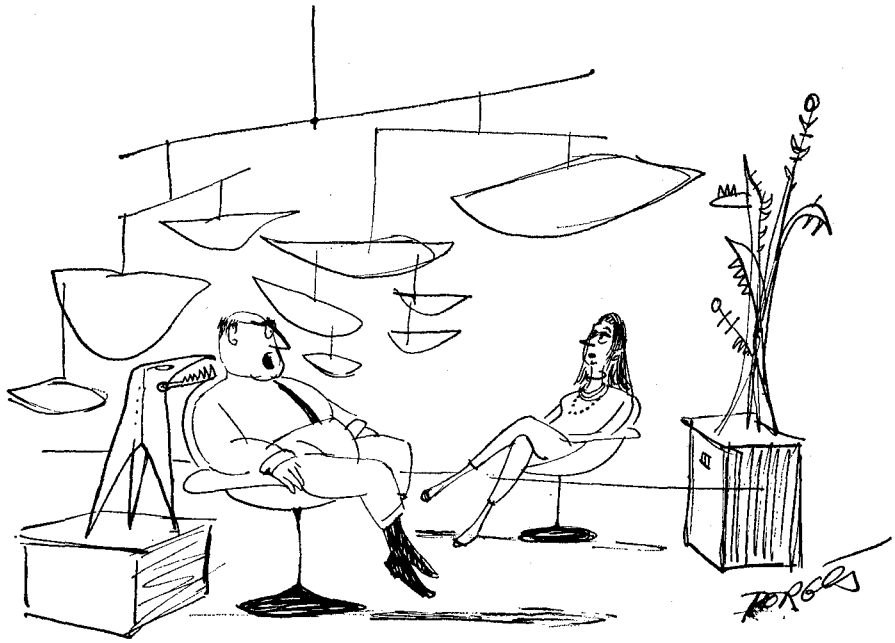
The Reviewer Replies

It is always depressing to encounter undisguised aggression among intelligent people, but it is even more so to watch physicians launching furious attacks without checking the facts first. Perhaps I am old-fashioned but, having grown up among physicians, I had always assumed it was their task to comfort and heal. I had also assumed that they are trained to make a careful diagnosis of every case. Dr. Wexler, however, gave in to his wrath and has not made a careful diagnosis. He states that my main qualification for reviewing a book dealing with Freud and Lou Andreas-Salomé has been the writing of a Ph.D. thesis. It happens to be a thesis analyzing essential psychological problems and constellations as treated by Arthur Schnitzler, M.D., a Viennese writer of whom Freud remarked that he put into poetic form all those things which Freud had attempted to explore scientifically. Their short correspondence, published a few years ago, reveals their mutual understanding, and my thesis and subsequently published articles dealt with their common problems *in extenso*. I also wrote a rather long review of a study published by another physician, Dr. Eissler's monumental two-volume exegesis of certain artistic and erotic patterns in Goethe's early years. The review appeared in *Saturday Review*.

I think one professional man should grant another professional man certain rights. A professional reviewer has every right to speak of the style of a physician who, stepping out of his medical area of competence, must expect to be judged as a writer. I didn't say a word about Dr. Leavy as a physician. I found his style pedestrian and his pronouncements on Mrs. Andreas's morals beside the point. I stick to this. Dr. Wexler's charges confirm, however, a suspicion: many members of the medical profession will not allow any criticism of anyone with an M.D. degree, even if the M.D. presents himself as an essayist and annotator, and not as a physician. All of us non-physicians can only hope and pray that the doctors use more insight, mercy, and skill when treating their patients.

Richard Plant.

New York, N.Y.



"I know it's my own home, but I still feel insecure."

Back to the Bagels

Professor Pepper and other writers of letters to the editors have shown impressive scholarship where bagels are concerned, yet all have lacked the perseverance to trace the cult of bagelology to its source, the Orient. A study of the *Tao Tê Ching*, by Lao-tse, abolishes all doubt in the matter.

Consider the title *Tao Tê Ching*, which is translated by R. B. Blakney as *The Book of the Way and Its Virtue*. "Way" is an erroneous translation of the Chinese word *wao-fu*, or wafer, obviously referring to the bagel, which was accepted by the ancient Chinese as a symbol representing the core of their philosophy.

Consider the following quotation:

> Once grasp the great form without form,
> And you roam where you will
> With no evil to fear,
> Calm, peaceful, at ease.
>
> At music and viands
> The wayfarer [wafer eater] stops.
> But the Way [wafer], when declared,
> Seems thin and so flavorless
>
> It is nothing to look at
> And nothing to hear;
> But used, it will prove
> Inexhaustible.

The hole in the bagel was seen as in esthetic contrast to the encircling dough. Witness:

> So advantage is had
> From whatever is there;
> But usefulness rises
> From whatever is not.

These are but a few of the repeated references to the bagel in Chinese literature.

In closing, let me mention briefly that the first Chinese currency was made out of small bagels. The Chinese, when biting the bagel coins to test authenticity, discovered that they were edible. Thus was launched the concept of the bagel as a food.

Susan Sax.

Chicago, Ill.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Stern's Beethoven, Böhm's *Dutchman*

NAMES change, values remain. Once it was Fritz Kreisler whose performance of the Beethoven Violin Concerto could be cited as the model against which could be argued the merits of Szigeti's or Flesch's (or, for some, Menuhin's or Heifetz's). Now it is Isaac Stern, whose recent appearance with Erich Leinsdorf and the Boston Symphony in Philharmonic Hall produced a performance of such nobility, poise, and musical sophistication that it may stand for this time as the luminous image of comparison for Oistrakh or Milstein, Francescatti or Grumiaux (or, for that matter, the still formidable Heifetz).

There are some performers born, so it seems, with a character that is fully formed, or who attain it so early in their careers—like Heifetz or Menuhin—that it stands as timeless, unchanging, indeed unchangeable. Stern's is quite another case. When he was first heard here in the late Thirties there was no question of his talent, but there was some question whether the rampant energy through which it was expressed might not wear itself out, and with it his future. The retrospective view would have to be that the energy has been applied to intellectual growth and self-criticism, converted into a source of inner strength rather than remaining a purely physical manifestation.

What was most absorbing in this latest encounter of a thoroughly equipped professional and a work that can search out the flaws in anyone of lesser rank was a conscious sense of each note's function in the whole, a mature reflection and measured choice of alternatives. This applied not only to his solo part, but also to the performance of the orchestral score. Under Leinsdorf's knowing direction the results came the closest possible (with the numbers involved) to chamber-music ensemble. As an instance, at that moment well along in the first movement when the orchestral violins have the principal matter and the soloist embellishes it, Stern played with them not merely in principle, but in fact—turning in their direction the better to hear what they were doing. The Kreisler cadenza, which Stern played faultlessly, was also in context, as a bridge to the final affectionate reminiscence of the same theme. Both the Larghetto and the Rondo were permeated with a sense of disciplined ardor profitably applied.

While Leinsdorf was directing performances of the Introduction to Tchaikovsky's *Queen of Spades* and the Sixth Symphony of Prokofiev as preface to Beethoven, John Pritchard was making his New York debut in Carnegie Hall as guest conductor of the touring Pittsburgh Symphony. This English musician has made substantial strides in his profession since he was first encountered as an apprentice at Glyndebourne under the sponsorship of the late Fritz Busch, and now qualifies as a member in good standing of the rising echelon of English conductors. He presented his credentials in a well-formed performance of the *Francs-Juges* Overture of Berlioz (a brooding warning of the utterances to come from this source) and a suave exposition of Haydn's C-minor (No. 95) Symphony in the first Salomon set. The Pittsburgh strings seemed to have more glow and silkiness than has sometimes been the case. The question now would seem to be whether Pritchard has the musicianly power and strength of personality to rise higher through the echelons to the command level of a Beecham or Barbirolli, or whether he will ascend only to the rank of a Sargent.

Associated with him was the Soviet pianist Yakov Zak, also new to New York. In the puzzling manner of his predecessor Fliere, Zak chose to introduce himself as a performer of Rachmaninoff, burdening himself still further with the G-minor Concerto, which is the least as well as the last of the four. Try as he might, Zak could not make the familiar gambits produce unexpected moves, either in the opening or the endgame. Intermittently, one could admire his fluency, ample tonal palette, and secure musicianship, and speculate on their greater suitability to Chopin rather than Rachmaninoff. How they might suit the *Diabelli Variations* and *Hammerklavier* of Beethoven need not be speculation much longer, for he has chosen them for his recital later in the month. Pritchard's sound schooling showed itself in his efforts with the orchestra on the soloist's behalf.

The kind of conviction without which Wagner's *Flying Dutchman* had better be left unperformed was, fortunately, in abundant supply at its reappearance in the Metropolitan's repertory. It was there not only in a rousing performance of the overture—which need not be surprising, for it is a work that breeds conviction—but also in a very considerable part of what follows, which doesn't. But to Karl Böhm, making his seasonal reappearance, it was all one, which may be inbred with a conductor who spent so much of his time in Dresden, where the *Dutchman* first came ashore in 1843.

For this evening at least, if one read Böhm's results correctly, there was no Wagner of *Tristan* or *Parsifal, Meistersinger* or even *Lohengrin*, but only a burning talent of twenty-seven, now bursting out in a glow, now only smoldering. But there was no doubt of the creator's concern for his characters, whether they were Erik in his hopeless love, the Dutchman in despairing thirst for salvation, or Senta vacillating between them. Now and then, to continue the image, the ashes were more conspicuous than the coals, but Böhm fanned a blaze wherever it was the least bit possible.

The means for doing this were almost as interesting as the results—not merely physical huffing and puffing, but a settled sense of the right pace and emphasis, a keen awareness of where to let the orchestra assume prominence and where to allow the voices a proper priority, a nice understanding of how to coordinate the elements of Beethoven and Weber that went into Wagner's emerging style with the things about that style that were distinctive as well as new.

Not much of even such a sensitive effort would have been productive without a cast capable of serving the invisible as well as visible master suitably. With the exception of Gladys Kriese, who sang a competent Mary in her first effort here in this part, the cast was both experienced and able, with a range from the imposing Dutchman of George London (whose dramatic resources are having to serve more and more in lieu of vocal variety) through the likable Daland of Giorgio Tozzi to the compelling Senta of Leonie Rysanek. Whether or not she is in voice, Miss Rysanek's identity with this subject is total, and this time she had flexibility at the bottom to balance the burst of sound she can produce at the top. Quite alone, in a category of excellence, was Sándor Kónya's Erik. He not only looks and acts the part of a man consumed by a hopeless passion, but sang the music in a way to define, exactly, its relationship to Lohengrin, which was soon to come. The chorus, female as well as male, did its important work well, and the orchestra rose to what, plainly, was an occasion.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

New Faces in *Figaro*

THE last two *Figaros* of the Met season suffered from the same major liability that had crippled earlier ones (Joseph Rosenstock's loud, insenstitive conducting). But they also capitalized on the strongest features of the previous casts (Judith Raskin's non-soubrettish

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Books

LITERARY HORIZONS

Texas Bound, Bones and All

WILLIAM HUMPHREY's *Home from the Hill* was the kind of first novel that makes reviewers sit up and pay attention, for the author had a story to tell, and he told it with great power. It is the story of a man and a woman and of their relationship with their son, a story laid in a small Texas town that is skilfully brought to life. One of its episodes, the hunting of a boar, is a splendid example of descriptive and dramatic writing. If this passage and others, including the fine opening scene, owed something to William Faulkner, Humphrey had learned his lessons well.

Now, after seven years, we have *The Ordways* (Knopf, $5.95), which is not merely about but is in effect a love letter to the State of Texas. Although the action begins in the eastern part of the state, it moves west and south, giving Humphrey a chance to display both his affection and his descriptive powers.

A family novel, it introduces the Ordways on a "graveyard working day" in Mabry, a suburb of Clarksville. The narrator, who was a boy at the time, presents his relatives, alive and dead, and at once we have a sense of the character of the family. After a time he concentrates on his great-grandfather, Tom Ordway, who established the family in Texas.

Following the battle of Shiloh, Tom's wife, Ella, getting word that he has been killed, drives her mule and wagon across Tennessee to recover the body. On discovering that he is not dead but has been blinded and crippled, she brings him home. Then, when he has recuperated as much as he is likely to, they set out for Texas with a team of oxen, their children, and not only the bones (in kegs) of the Ordway ancestors but also their gravestones. This journey is, like one of the great ordeals in Faulkner's novels—say, the pilgrimage of the Bundren family in *As I Lay Dying*—an exhibition of almost unbelievable fortitude.

Humphrey turns now to the next generation, to Sam, with whom Ella was pregnant during her heroic migration. Sam grew up in Mabry, married, and had three children, his wife dying while bearing the third, Ned. In time Sam remarried. While Ned, aged about three, is being taken care of, as he frequently has been, by neighbors, the Vinsons, he and they abruptly disappear. After considering various other hypotheses, Sam concludes that the Vinsons, who were always fond of Ned, have kidnapped him, and, when the crops are harvested, he starts out in pursuit.

Sam's wanderings, which occupy more than half the book, take him over a good part of Texas. At first the account of the search is pathetic, as Sam is time after time disappointed; but as the journey lengthens the pathos diminishes, until Humphrey seems to be chiefly interested in telling a series of stories, in the manner of the picaresque novelists. We have Sam at a political rally, speeches and all; Sam robbed by a notorious con man; Sam as the caretaker of a circus elephant; Sam on trial for intended murder. Some of the episodes are tall stories in the tradition of frontier humor, and others, such as the trial, are pure farce. At last, having reached the valley of the Rio Grande, Sam gives up.

AFTER these prolonged divagations, Humphrey is ready to wind up his novel, and he does so adroitly and pleasantly. At last Ned did return, having been told the truth by his supposed father, Will Vinson, as the latter was dying. "A perennial boy, restless, prankish, barely housebroken," Ned quickly wins the hearts of his new-found relatives. He invites them all to visit him on his ranch near the Rio Grande, and the Ordways set forth, fourteen cars of them, so that the book can end with a Gargantuan barbecue.

Since this is intended to be the story of a family, much of the material in the long account of Sam Ordway's search is irrelevant, so much so that the novel is curiously deformed. Why Humphrey, who knows as much about form as the next one, permitted this deformation is hard to explain except on the ground of his love affair with Texas. Some of the extraneous material is so good in itself, and he writes about it with such obvious pleasure, that one is tempted to forgive him, but the fact remains that the impact of the novel is seriously weakened.

On the other hand, there is Humphrey's feeling for Texas, which he manages to communicate even to one who has never set foot in the Lone Star State. More important, there is his feeling for the family as, so to speak, both a vertical and a horizontal institution:

> We Southerners are accused of living in the past. What can we do? The

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26 On the Fringe, by Haskel Frankel
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31 The Trumpet Sounds: A Memoir of Negro Leadership, by Anna Arnold Hedgeman
32 P. S. Wilkinson, by C. D. B. Bryan
32 The Scarlet Thread, by Doris Betts
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37 The Eagle King, by Henry Treece
38 Count Bohemond, by Alfred Duggan
39 Seeds of Destruction, by Thomas Merton
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40 Unity in Freedom: Reflections on the Human Family, by Augustin Cardinal Bea
41 *SR*'s Check List of the Week's New Books

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past lives in us. And not just that single episode which those who accuse us have in mind: the Civil War—but all of the past. If the Civil War is more alive to the Southerner than to the Northerner it is because all the past is, and this is because the Southerner has a sense of having been present there himself in the person of one or more of his ancestors.

> The Southerner no more identified himself with the Confederacy than he did with the Union; both were abstractions. . . . Clannishness was and is the key to his temperament, and he went off to war to protect not Alabama but only those thirty or forty acres of its sandy hillsides or stiff red clay which he broke his back tilling and which was as big a country as his mind could hold, whose sanctity to him came from the fact that in it were buried the bones of his own blood kin.

Whether Humphrey's generalizations hold true or not, his own feeling for what must be in large degree his own family permeates the book. It is significant that the novel begins and ends with family gatherings, the one a pious duty, the other a gay celebration. In between lie the struggles that Humphrey describes so intensely. Although I believe that the novel goes off the track, it will be read and deserves to be, for it contains a great amount of felt experience, of experience that has been acted upon by the imagination. Flannery O'Connor often said that one of the advantages of the Southern writer was the Southern habit of telling stories. There is surely a strong oral tradition behind this book, and if this tradition misled the author at various points, it must be recognized as one of the sources of the book's vitality.

—Granville Hicks.

FRAZER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 1122

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1122 will be found in the next issue.

M VFRT PMG VFOO OFDT MR

PKNW VFEWFG WFR VFE MR

WFR FGNSPT.

NWTRETQXFTOA

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1121

Arguments are to be avoided: they are always vulgar and often convincing.

—Wilde.

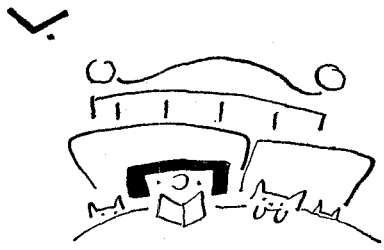
Fathers, Lovers, and Fiction

When a youngster of twenty-nine without a wrinkle to his name focuses on you from behind black-rimmed glasses and says thoughtfully, "I guess I'm an antiquarian by nature," as far as I am concerned it is time to leave the table. The party is but definitely over. As the young man of twenty-nine was named Richard J. Whalen and had backed up his statement with 200,000 words entitled *The Founding Father: The Story of Joseph P. Kennedy* (SR, Dec. 19, 1964), I kept my big trap shut and let him go on. "I mean I'd rather create a time than puff and pant alongside of the younger Kennedys. Anyway, the world did not need another book about the Kennedy boys, but it did seem to me that there was a need for some understanding of the first and indispensable Kennedy.

"The book began in the summer of 1962 when I joined *Fortune* magazine. Came there from the *Wall Street Journal*. The magazine wanted a political piece on JFK's promise and performance. As the youngest and newest staff member, maybe they figured it would cost less to assign me to the project instead of anyone else. Anway, I got it. A boy looking at an emperor. Then I was yanked off it and switched to Joe Kennedy. We had a piece on him in our files from 1937. This became the source of our plea to JFK for cooperation on this updated look at his father. Pierre Salinger sent us word to wait awhile because of Joe's stroke. We decided to go ahead and do the piece from the outside. It was too good a story to drop.

"I worked three and a half months with two researchers. The final article, which I finished on Election Day 1962, ran to 13,000 words. The piece appeared in January 1963, and the issue, at $1.25 a throw, was a sellout. I got calls from about a dozen publishers about doing a book. Since I had material for twice as much as I had written and since my research work had opened some doors to me, I thought okay, I'd do the book."

Except for the briefest of meetings with Bobby Kennedy in the Rackets Committee office in the basement of the Senate Office Building in 1958 and being a passenger, in 1957, on a commercial flight from New York to Richmond which Senator John F. Kennedy boarded, Richard Whalen has had no contact with the family he has "lived with" since 1962.



Was there anything beyond the 200,000 words he had already written on Joseph P. Kennedy that he might care to offer? The young antiquarian thought about it. "I admire him but I wouldn't want to be his son."

If you are at all concerned about your wife's figure, skip the candy this Valentine's Day and get her a copy of the very unusual *Love*, illustrated and designed by Vanni (Braziller, $5). Even if you don't care about her figure or if it is too late to save it, or you are not married (I think that covers all possibilities), still take a look at *Love*, which will be released on February 14. You may recognize the story as one you've heard before but I doubt if you have ever seen a more impressive example of the printer's art.

On April 15, 1965, Farrar, Straus & Giroux will publish *In Search of Bisco*, by Erskine Caldwell. On June 15, 1964, they published his *Around About America*. I spoke with him—and his wife—sometime between books, if a sixty-one-year-old man with forty-five books to his credit can ever be described as between books.

Erskine Caldwell is built along the fullback lines of that guy who is always galloping across Marlboro country. He has a reddish crew cut and blue eyes set in a ruddy complexion. Though my tin ear didn't catch it, he said he still retained traces of his birthplace, Coweta County, Georgia, in his speech.

Usually when you interview an author there is a definite book to be discussed. In Erskine Caldwell's case there were two possibilities. I asked what book he chose to talk about. "I've done forty-five books. Why should I single one out?"

So I chose *In Search of Bisco*. "It's a personal reminiscence of life in the South of the past fifty years. Bisco was my Negro playmate when we were both in our early ages years ago in Georgia. I don't know any more of his name than

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that. Maybe I was too young to find out or to remember his last name. There may have to be a Part Two to the book. Every so often I hear of him or of someone who sounds like him. Though it's not necessary for me to find him so much as to follow him. The Negroes in the South have been migrating. Other counties, states, North. Knowing many Negroes in my time, I've put them together into one—Bisco—to find out what they think. The Muslims, Martin Luther King—whom will they follow?

"For *Bisco* my wife Virginia and I, starting in February '64, made four trips to the Deep South. We've been in six states, two states per trip. Each trip took a month, and there were two or three week breaks in between. The whole thing took about six months. Every time we entered a new state we changed plates at the nearest Hertz office. In the old days an out-of-state car was an event. Today, unless you are a traveling salesman, you are met with so much suspicion. You might be connected with CORE or Freedom Riders.

"About myself, I work like any stenographer or bookkeeper. Regular hours, and I never got beyond the two-finger typing stage. I guess that's newspaper training. I throw away more than I keep. The more you throw away, the better the book.

"Writing is an individualized service. It's not a public service like garbage collecting; you are doing that for somebody else. When you write you are doing it for yourself. You've got to please yourself first. You can't do that by getting too esoteric. You have to forget yourself and identify with your characters, and they will tell the story. The characters have to explain the story to others, not to you. You know, you have to write for somebody—and I don't mean that the way I meant about doing it for yourself. You write for somebody much the way an artist paints. He doesn't paint a picture and burn it. He puts it up for somebody else. And that's what a writer does. Or maybe used to do. Writing now is like the greeting card business. It's a question of how wild you can get.

"Most of the big novels are compendiums of knowledge with a few lines of dialogue sprinkled in. I never make a note, never look things up. If I don't recall every character something is wrong. That's why life is so rough; I have to know so I travel a great deal. What I don't retain I consider useless to me.

"My last two books are nonfiction. I've got to get back to fiction. Once a fiction writer, always a fiction writer."

Virginia Caldwell, who had happily yielded center stage to her husband, smiled. "What he's saying is fiction is addiction." —HASKEL FRANKEL.

Selecting a Nuclear Strategy

The War-Peace Establishment, *by Arthur Herzog (Harper & Row. 271 pp. $4.95), summarizes for the troubled layman the conflicting views held by participants in the arms debate. Stanley Hoffmann is professor of government at Harvard University.*

By STANLEY HOFFMANN

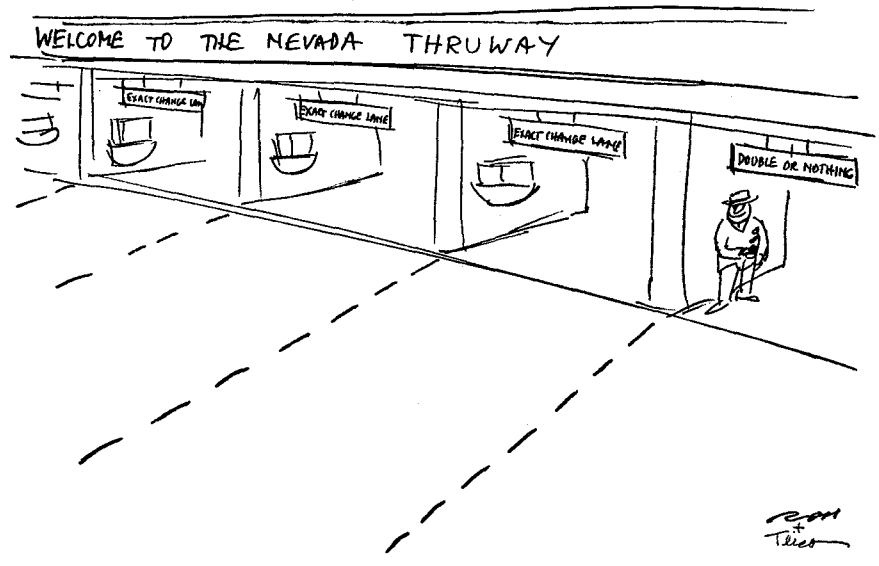
THE WORD "establishment" is beginning to suffer from misuse—and overuse. Aside from the fact that all are engaged in a quest for peace, the only thing common to the men or organizations covered by Arthur Herzog is participation in a confused and heated dispute. This book is a study of the "arms debate," not of the "warfare state" or of a "power elite," for he is not concerned with, say, the businessmen or the military leaders whose activities are directly related to the deterrence or the waging of war but whose views are rarely expressed in public.

A little over a year ago an economist from the RAND Corporation, Robert A. Levine, analyzed and classified the several positions in this debate. But Mr. Herzog's book differs from his in two respects. Mr. Levine's was a study written by an expert primarily for other experts or scholars; Mr. Herzog's volume is the report of a journalist for the troubled layman. The sophisticated and searching analyses in *The Arms Debate* were based on the writings of the authors Mr. Levine discussed. Mr. Herzog's summaries are the products of interviews and conversations he has had with those men, rather than distillations of their published works. Consequently, his book is easier to read, but it is also much more superficial.

Mr. Herzog's dilemma was tough. If he went too deeply into the analysis and critique of the various stands, he would have duplicated Mr. Levine's effort and failed to reach the general public. But if he tried deliberately to write a "popular" book he was bound to oversimplify and distort highly complicated bodies of thought. It is to his credit that he should have, on the whole, avoided distortions, although he has not been able to give more than a breezy outline of the views of many. However, even mere outlines are enough to make the reader dizzy, precisely because Mr. Herzog has tried to be reasonably faithful to those views. As a result, he tantalizes without satisfying, and he bewilders more than he clarifies.

This is less his fault than that of the subject matter. And herein lies part of the tragedy. Strategy in the nuclear age has become so monumentally complex, the calculations and uncertainties are so huge, that the layman is left with a sense of impotence. On the other hand, if he feels sufficiently incensed to take a stand, his contribution will be worthless or misleading unless he diligently tries to think through all the implications, risks, and opportunities connected with his choice.

Whereas Mr. Levine distinguished five schools of thought, Mr. Herzog envisages only three: the deterrers, the ex-



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perimentalists concerned with a gradual abolition of the "war system," and those dedicated to the peace movement. Unfortunately, these categories are far from adequate: the second and third overlap considerably, and in the first we find lumped together both the champions of a forward strategy and men like Herman Kahn, Henry A. Kissinger, or Thomas C. Schelling whom Mr. Herzog calls the analysts, not to mention a motley crew of government agencies he quaintly labels the "government idealists." Thus, his labels mislead—but more labels, embracing reality more tightly, would have confused even more.

FALLING into a pitfall that threatens the whole "war-peace establishment," Mr. Herzog tends to discuss the problems related to nuclear war (and to its avoidance) in a depoliticized context, as if the world of the weapons had become entirely divorced from the political universe whose drives and clashes command the use, or the nonuse, of force. Moreover, on the world stage that he pictures the United States and the Soviet Union are practically the only performers. To those two criticisms Mr. Herzog might reply that, after all, his mission was to report on what others had stated, not to improve on their views.

He could, however, have left the reader in a less dazed condition if his kaleidoscopic presentation had been followed by a more profound statement of his own stance—by a more incisive critique of the opinions reviewed and a more coherent defense of his own. His preference for the "experimentalist" approach, stated in a few phrases, reads more like the safe choice of the middle of the road than like a well-reasoned position. On a matter as delicate and vital as a strategy for peace, eclecticism is not only not enough: it is of little use. What is needed is a coherent statement of assumptions, of values, and of choices among alternatives. Anything short of that leaves the layman with the impression that the selection of a stand is as easy as the range of views is broad. Nothing, of course, could be more wrong. One cannot take a part of one view, then a part of another, reject this and buy that as if one were shopping at a supermarket.

To enlighten public opinion should also mean increasing its awareness of, and patience with, the complexities of decision-making. Mr. Herzog's pat conclusions will make the layman wonder why, if the solution is so easy to find, the experts engage in so much hair-splitting—and the specialist will wonder how, after having been exposed to the agonizing moral and political reasonings of the arms debaters, Mr. Herzog can still come out in his book with so deceptively simple an answer.

De Gaulle's Doctrine of Deterrence

The Great Debate: Theories of Nuclear Strategy, *by Raymond Aron, translated from the French by Ernst Pawel (Doubleday. 265 pp. $4.95), while comprehending the appeal of Gaullism for other Europeans as well as the French, nevertheless finds it wanting as a practical policy in the thermonuclear age. Kenneth W. Thompson, a social scientist, has been a member of the political science faculties at the University of Chicago and Northwestern University.*

By KENNETH W. THOMPSON

IF WAR is too serious to be left to the generals, nuclear strategy is too important to be left to RAND and Pentagon analysts. Professor Raymond Aron finds in this proposition his justification as sociologist and philosopher for evaluating "the great debate" between the theorists and the practitioners of the thermonuclear age on both sides of the Atlantic. He painstakingly reviews the thinking that underlies each emerging strategy. Yet, ironically, this brilliant French scholar contributes most not in his review of the various academic schools of thought, but in plumbing the depths of present-day differences in the Atlantic Alliance. Every policy maker in London, Paris, Bonn, or Washington baffled by divergent national policies will find illumination in *The Great Debate,* for not only has Aron examined the logic of current policies in terms of national interest; he has traced their impact and meaning in other countries.

Thus he begins by explaining and defending the reasons for the shift in American policy from "massive retaliation" to the so-called "McNamara doctrine" with its stress on options, graduated responses, and limited or conventional warfare. American policy since 1961 has, in Aron's view, been firmly grounded in sound theory, the facts of geography, and the national interest. President de Gaulle's criticism is basically unsound; "The French doctrine of deterrence is a fatal rehash of the massive retaliation concept, and it is a miniature version ten years behind the times." Nor can Professor Aron find any comfort for France in the notion that a few French nuclear weapons would do more than provide Soviet leadership with "a convincing impression of its [France's] own insanity."

Nevertheless Aron, though he is a critic of de Gaulle, provides a barometer of the climate of opinion in Europe which Americans may not fully apprehend. The McNamara doctrine bolstered European fears that the United States would soon be withdrawing its military forces from Europe. It led to the European claim that the United States was prepared to witness a conventional war on European territory and, indeed, by its nuclear strategy was encouraging precisely this alternative. Finally, it stimulated the belief that while the United States would strike back automatically if its own territory were attacked, it would follow a strategy of pause and limited warfare before contemplating nuclear retaliation in response to a Soviet attack on Europe.

Aron reminds American readers that, paradoxically, the logic of the new American policy explains at least in part the reaction to Gaullism in Europe. Frenchmen in particular were predisposed to take de Gaulle at his word when he promised national security based on independent French action, as against calculated and limited retaliation from Washington. France was no longer to be excluded from nuclear technology nor solely dependent on Anglo-American protection nor constrained in her diplomacy by military weakness. Even if her nuclear arsenal should be too fragile to influence Soviet military action, her unilateral policy could have important psychological effect.

YET Aron concludes that Gaullism is mistaken, and that for the next ten or fifteen years France must continue to draw its security against Soviet attack from the American nuclear deterrent. "Fifteen years ago French and other European nationalists failed to understand that the Marshall Plan would eventually lead to the economic independence, rather than the enslavement of France and of Europe. Those same nationalists today refuse to understand that the same holds true in the nuclear sphere."

The Great Debate demonstrates once again that in the search for understanding we have no substitute for intelligence and imagination, applied to stubborn problems which specialists may formulate but which only wise men can clarify and resolve.

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The Men Who Stand for America

The Secretary of State and the Ambassador: Jackson Subcommittee Papers on the Conduct of American Foreign Policy, *edited by Senator Henry M. Jackson (Praeger. 203 pp. $4.50), sympathetically probes the problems of the State Department and the Foreign Service. Now deputy acting chancellor of the Center for Cultural and Technical Interchange between East and West, Honolulu, John M. Allison has been ambassador to Nationalist China, Indonesia, and Czechoslovakia.*

By JOHN M. ALLISON

IN AN article discussing the possible future of J. Edgar Hoover after the Martin King affair, an unnamed Justice Department official was quoted in *Newsweek* as saying, "They'll make him an ambassador or something somewhere." Once again the American people were reinforced in a widely held belief, too often shared by both Democratic and Republican Administrations, that the job of ambassador has considerable pomp but usually no great importance and is just the place for a Congressional lame duck or a possibly embarrassing official, either civil or military, who must be sped away from the nation's Capital. Or, if the particular ambassador's job should be important, it can be filled by any prominent person from any walk of life.

Hopefully, the publication of this report of evidence accumulated and witnesses heard by Senator Jackson's subcommittee will help to convince those in power in Washington that the work of the Secretary of State and the ambassador in the field is of such critical importance and requires such a high degree of special training, experience, and expertise that it cannot be left to anyone who happens to become available, no matter how distinguished his record in other fields.

Unfortunately, the evidence points in the other direction. When it became necessary a few months ago to search for a new ambassador for an important crisis spot in Asia, a distinguished career Foreign Service officer with many years of Asian experience was recommended. But he was turned down, not because he was not qualified but because he was not sufficiently well known to the politicians and the public. In order to make clear on the front pages that the Administration was going all out to deal with this burning question a prominent general was chosen. Fortunately, the general picked was a man of great integrity and considerable ability, and when it was finally decided to send the Foreign Service officer along as his deputy he readily agreed. But, as the readers of this book will learn, that is no way to pick an ambassador, nor is it likely to improve the morale in the Foreign Service.

Senator Jackson's book is divided into two parts. The first consists of reports prepared by the professional staff of the subcommittee and deals with the basic issues underlying the conduct of our foreign policy, the position of the Secretary of State, and the role of the ambassador. The second part of the book contains the reports of witnesses who appeared before the subcommittee, including Secretary of State Rusk, Under Secretary Harriman, Professor Richard Neustadt, who has long studied the workings of the federal government, and three career Foreign Service officers who have been ambassadors.

I hope this book will be widely read by the personnel in the State Department and Foreign Service, as well as by the general public. It will be an eye-opener to those who still believe the people on the Hill are the natural enemies of those who toil in Foggy Bottom. These papers, prepared by the professional staff of the subcommittee, show a deep understanding of the problems of the State Department and the Foreign Service, a real sympathy for the men and women dealing with those problems and a desire to help them get the means and the backing with which to do a better job.

The staff papers as well as the testimony of the witnesses make clear that American diplomacy in the nuclear age is a far cry from that of even thirty years ago. We learn that during the brief twelve years between 1950 and 1962 the texts of international agreements concluded between the United States and foreign governments fill thirty large volumes occupying seven feet of shelf space. And the staff needed to accomplish this and all the other tasks involved in carrying out our foreign policy now amounts to 24,000 persons, 17,000 of them serving abroad. Just before the outbreak of World War II the number was less than 6,200.

For those who are worried about our involvement in foreign affairs, who want to know just what it is that the State Department and the Foreign Service are doing, or who have doubted the quality of the people involved, this book will give many answers. As long as the Foreign Service can produce ambassadors with the intelligence, wit, and imagination shown by Ellis Briggs, Samuel Berger, and Edmund Gullion in their contributions to this book we need not fear. But if the lessons in this book are not learned and applied I don't know where we will get the Briggses, Bergers, and Gullions of tomorrow.

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On Coming Home to Poetry

Love and Revolution: My Journey Through an Epoch, *by Max Eastman (Random House. 665 pp. $8.95), evokes the sinew and flesh and poetry of three turbulent decades. Joseph Slater is writing a history of The Masses and The Liberator.*

By JOSEPH SLATER

THIS opulent book, published on its author's eighty-second birthday, brings to a conclusion the autobiography that was left half-told in *Enjoyment of Living* seventeen years ago. So long an interruption in a tale demands some retelling of what, as serial synopses used to say, "has gone before," and Eastman contrives gracefully to make his second volume an independent work. Nevertheless, readers who find his story a significant and moving one ought to read it all.

Behind the foreign adventures of Volume II—those letters from Trotsky that refer to "Comrade Max Eastman" as "a revolutionary American of the type of John Reed" or charge him with translating "Marxian dialectics into the language of vulgar empiricism," those epithets from Stalin, "notorious crook" and "gangster of the pen"—there hung a classically American backdrop: the Upstate parsonage of parents who were both Congregational ministers; the Elmira of Mark Twain, whose funeral sermon was written by Eastman's mother and read by his father; the Columbia of John Dewey, under whom Eastman wrote his doctoral dissertation and taught logic to sophomores; and Greenwich Village, where as late as 1911 the young academician heard for the first time about Marxian Socialism. Behind the turbulent loves recorded in *Love and Revolution* lay the parsonage, a tardy maturation, and a failed marriage. The larger, later story is enhanced by what has gone before.

This second volume is by no means solely concerned with revolution and love. Discursive, gossipy, unbuttoned, it is full of name-dropping and anecdote, as reminiscence ought to be. Joyce in Paris, Cummings on Martha's Vineyard, Scott Fitzgerald reading *The Waste Land* aloud at Cap d'Antibes, the famous scuffle with Hemingway in Maxwell Perkins's office, the notorious assault upon the cult of unintelligibility ("as a critic of poetry I have not been heard of since"): such scenes and episodes make up a large part of the book. But still the major themes are those announced by the title.

—*Editta Sherman.*

Max Eastman — "discursive, gossipy, unbuttoned."

For Eastman the Revolution began in 1912 with a message painted by John Sloan on a scrap of drawing paper: "You are elected editor of *The Masses*—no pay." It ended in 1941 when he offered an essay entitled "Socialism and Human Nature" to De Witt Wallace and shortly thereafter found himself a "roving editor" of *The Reader's Digest*. Between these two editorships lay as intense a political engagement as any American man of letters has known. *The Masses* and its successor, *The Liberator*, plunged Eastman into every social cause and every Socialist quarrel of the decade that followed 1912. The Bolshevik victory drew him to Russia in 1922 to see whether what he had been writing was true. It was, he thought; and he stayed for almost two years. He learned the language, studied the Marxist scriptures—carefully, for the first time—in Russian, wrote an "authorized" biography of Trotsky, and married the sister of Nikolai Krylenko, the Commissar of Justice. Placed thus near the center, he saw quickly enough the character of the men who took power after Lenin's death, and he wrote from 1925 on as an ally of the Trotskyist Opposition.

What he calls his "final recovery" took longer. From the beginning he had been, thanks to Twain and Dewey, a "vulgar empiricist." He saw Socialism as a "hypothesis," "an experiment that ought to be tried." He was restless with Soviet intellectuals, among whom he felt "an atmosphere of theology rather than science." Perhaps for these very reasons he held more stoutly to the faith: a hypothesis is hard to disprove. Perhaps the years of ostracism and slander stiffened his neck. At any rate, as late as 1940 he "had still to realize . . . that social ownership . . . is incompatible with the goal of freedom." The moment of recovery came suddenly, at a cocktail party. "Aside from these Russian developments," he was asked, "do you still believe in the Socialist idea?" And he answered, "No." He had returned, he thought, to "the general assumptions of mankind." He had gone back to Elmira and the answer of Mark Twain: "I can't even hope for [Socialism]. I know too much about human nature."

Eastman's way of recounting his "ideological journey" is the journalist's way, or the novelist's. Radek, Bukharin, and "Big Bill" Haywood emerge from history with the kind of life that belongs to minor characters in fiction. Trotskyism appears as the man Trotsky, a complex and enigmatic major character, a flawed hero. Ostracism is the averted face of Robert Minor, across the road in Croton. And a *Daily Worker* headline—"TROTSKY TROUNCES EASTMAN/ Lenin's 'Will' a Myth"—flashes onto the page with cinematic suddenness.

So too the old loves come to life, documented by letters, diaries, poems, even telegrams, and remembered in scenes that have a fictional shape. Eliena Krylenko appears first as Litvinov's secretary at the Genoa Conference, a merry-eyed, flirtatious girl "standing all alone under a kumquat tree, weeping and eating kumquats" and saying, "These tears are not for you!" Her serene death, of cancer, on Martha's Vineyard thirty-five years later and her husband's emotions during the last two months of her life end the book and make a final, implicit comment on its title.

Eastman seems to feel that the accidents of history thrust him, like John Reed, into roads he should not have taken, or from which he should have "come home to poetry and creative writing." History has been kinder than he thinks. His five volumes of poetry got written, and the best of it will be read again when fashions change. In carrying out the endless polemical tasks of politics he became one of the best essayists of his time, a fellow-townsman in yet another way of Mark Twain. Now at the last, in the two volumes of his autobiography, concerned only to tell the truth "about myself and my behavior," he has written a sort of factual *Bildungsroman*, rich and dramatic enough to compensate him—and history—for the fiction that did not get written.

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An Open Door to Innovation

Wise Men Fish Here: The Story of Frances Steloff and the Gotham Book Mart, *by W. G. Rogers (Harcourt, Brace & World. 246 pp. $5.95), pays tribute to a unique bookseller. Warren Bower of New York University is a collector of first editions.*

By WARREN BOWER

BOOKSELLERS are an absolutely indispensable adjunct to publishing, but publishers seldom publicly acknowledge this indebtedness by bringing out books about either bookstores or booksellers. Some notably readable exceptions can be mentioned: Madge Jenison's story of *The Sunwise Turn,* Sylvia Beach's account of a fascinating era in *Shakespeare and Company,* and now W. G. Rogers's celebration of the Gotham Book Mart and its proprietor, Frances Steloff. If booksellers were all as colorful and individual as Miss Steloff, then publishers would have good reason for more tributes to those who sell the products of their presses.

The cryptic title of this book comes from a sign in wrought iron which John Held, Jr., designed for Miss Steloff's shop in 1923, when it moved to its current location on West 47th Street, New York City, and took its present name. For many adventurers in reading it has proved prophetic: Miss Steloff has specialized during all her years as bookseller in the *avant-garde* in literature, and has led many readers to new authors and fresh pleasures. Says her biographer, "Her empathy click-clicked like a Geiger counter at experimental and unconventional prose and poetry," although "she herself was not correspondingly unconventional."

Readers of *Wise Men Fish Here* will not learn how to gain a sure taste for the experimental and genuinely creative writing which is certain to be an influence upon the literature of ten to fifty years later. They will, however, come into close touch with a lady who has made considerable personal as well as economic success out of a calling that is not often recommended by vocational counselors. If her shop is widely known in many parts of the world, as is certainly true, this is due to the force of the proprietor's personality, and to her faith that there were enough book buyers of taste to make an adequate clientele for a shop like hers. Mr. Rogers wisely says, "Frances Steloff made the Gotham Book Mart. Then it turned around and made her." But to make her shop she often flew in the face of advice of old-timers in the business; she flouted many old saws regarded as axioms for success in bookselling. She dared, for example, to give heavy emphasis in her shop to the "little magazines" and to poetry, which are usually slender support indeed. But Miss Steloff took care to give her shop one function which other bookstores neglect: it brought the author and his public together and made them acquainted.

Wise Men Fish Here is an engaging biography, full of anecdotes about literary figures Miss Steloff has known as friends, tales of her brushes with the law in the person of John S. Sumner of the Vice Society, and accounts of literary parties that were given out of delight in those who came and not as adjuncts to commerce. Miss Steloff as bookseller and friend of writers is well-nigh unique; perhaps it is vain to wish that her tribe increase, but booksellers who adopt her advice to take trouble for their friends the customers are likely to find it paying off at the till.

After the Good White Life: Anyone who does not understand fully why Negro Americans angrily resent being told to be "patient" or reminded of the "progress" made by their race in recent years should read the story of Anna Arnold Hedgeman in *The Trumpet Sounds: A Memoir of Negro Leadership* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $4.95).

—*Carl Van Vechten.*

Frances Steloff—flouts to old saws.

The daughter of a college-educated father who was born of slaves, Mrs. Hedgeman grew up in a small Minnesota town where her color did not bar her from the good life of middle-class white America. Church and Sunday school were vital in her unbringing. She was the first Negro student at Hamline College in St. Paul.

Abruptly, this changed when she took the train South to teach at Rusk College, Holly Springs, Mississippi. Now she was exposed to the indignities of total racial segregation and the verbal taunts of the white community. She learned the devastating impact of color in twentieth-century America. After two years at Rusk, Mrs. Hedgeman took a position with a Negro branch of the YWCA in Springfield, Ohio. Subsequently, in YWCAs in Jersey City, Harlem, and Philadelphia, she sought for Negro branches full participation in "Y" affairs against the opposition of white-dominated governing bodies. During the Depression, she moved to social work, first with the Emergency Relief Bureau in New York City, and then as a consultant on race relations for Mayor La Guardia.

She worked for a time in Civilian Defense to break down job discrimination against Negro defense personnel, and in 1944 became executive director of the National Council for a Permanent Fair Employment Practices Commission. She was a consultant to the Federal Security Administrator and for four years an assistant to Mayor Wagner of New York City. Discouraged with the ineffectiveness of the political establishment in the city, she turned to Democratic reform politics and waged an unsuccessful fight for a Congressional seat against the Buckley Bronx machine. She also played an important role in organizing the 1963 Civil Rights Washington March. With indignation and anger she demands for herself and every Negro American the acceptance that she knew as a child in Minnesota. Like all humans, the Negro has but one life to live; how can he be patient, she asks.

In the years of disillusionment and frustration that marked one administrative post after another, Mrs. Hedgeman even wavered in the hope that the Christian churches would open their hearts to Negro Americans. Now she has chosen to give all her energies to a religious-orientated challenge, the Commission on Religion and Race of the National Council of Churches.

"We will not rest," she writes, "until there is justice in our beloved country, and we know that as justice comes to all Americans, it will come in increasing measure to the people of the world."

—ROBERT A. LOW.

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Discovered by a Truth Detector

P. S. Wilkinson, *by C. D. B. Bryan (Harper & Row. 441 pp. $5.95), the Harper Prize novel for 1965, is a comedy of manners in which a young gentleman of the old school is confronted with the easy vices of the 1960s. David Dempsey reviews frequently for* SR.

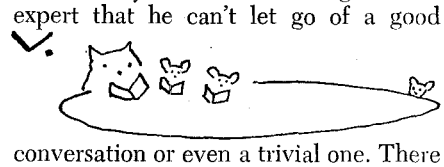
By DAVID DEMPSEY

THESE days it is fashionable among novelists to be looking for something —meaning or the lack of it, Identity, adventure, even God. As long as there is a wench or two along the way, some glancing blows at Camus or Martin Buber, a lot of upbeat fun, and a downbeat ending, does the object of the chase make much difference? How Absurd must a writer get before he trips over the core of truth that lies at the heart of every great creative achievement—by which time the fun is over (as it was for the dazzling Aldous Huxley after *Point Counterpoint*), imagination gives way to rubric, and reconciliation sets in? At this point we are likely to be both enlightened and bored. When a writer discovers what he thinks he is looking for, his work begins to go downhill.

Mr. C. D. B. Bryan is young enough not to have discovered much of anything yet except how to write a very good, but hardly a great, first novel. He is still having fun, and the virtues of *P. S. Wilkinson* are so numerous—and at the same time so accessible—that they obscure the fact that a truth (small "t") has been found without having been looked for, and certainly without any of the big Encounters (Identity, God, etc.) by which fiction emulates philosophy and, in lesser hands, emasculates itself.

The reason for this, I suspect, is that C. D. B. Bryan *is* P. S. Wilkinson, even to the insistence on those initials. Like the novel itself, P. S. never quite engages life on a first-name basis, for his social code (rather FFV with a Yale veneer) has taught him to play it cool. He is groping through his twenties rather purposefully, although not quite certain what the purpose is. In a really superb opening section P. S., who is an Army reservist on occupation duty in Korea, refuses to carry out an order which he knows to be stupid. Back home, he is a little more predictable as he woos an old flame who thoughtlessly married another man in his absence. He applies for a job with the CIA but is washed out by a lie detector when his honesty betrays him—or is it naïveté? It is the latter, certainly, in the scene, so dear to the hearts of young writers, where P. S. wonders what it would be like to shack up with a nightclub strip artist: Up to a point it's just great, but we know it's fantasy, so that when P.S. is rolled at the end we're not convinced that anything important has happened to him. Life is earnest, but it isn't quite real.

P. S. senses this. He knows that although his motor is running all right, he can't seem to get the clutch out; that he's in a sort of youthful Marquandry, unable to shake the nagging sense of his own integrity. This is really what the novel is about. There are times when the story threatens to talk itself to death, for Mr. Bryan's ear for dialogue is so expert that he can't let go of a good



conversation or even a trivial one. There are moments, too, when we wonder if P. S. Wilkinson's attitudes aren't primarily literary, molded by prolonged and studious reading of *The New Yorker*, where sections of this novel first appeared. He is a young man who is being saved without ever having been truly lost, and his real purpose, like the book's, is entertainment of a high order.

Myth, Magic, and a Touch of Madness

The Scarlet Thread, *by Doris Betts (Harper & Row. 405 pp. $5.95), presents a turn-of-the-century North Carolina family which has an inherited strain of abnormality. William Peden is a member of the English Department at the University of Missouri. His most recent book is "The American Short Story."*

By WILLIAM PEDEN

DORIS BETTS's third book follows a plot line that has produced some great fiction along with an avalanche of artistically contemptible but commercially successful novels and film scripts: the material rise and spiritual decline of a family of sharply contrasted individuals. *The Scarlet Thread* falls somewhere between the two extremes.

The scene is Greenway, a small town in the North Carolina piedmont; the time is 1897 and a few years thereafter. The novel begins auspiciously with the effective presentation of the Allen family of Greenway: imaginative, attractive Esther Allen and her brothers Thomas and David; their hardheaded father who is as crooked as a dog's hind leg; their Bible-quoting mother with her recurring recollections of her family's scarlet thread of abnormality, and their feisty grandfather, soon to die of a heart attack, who dominates the early chapters and is a first-rate literary achievement.

Complications soon develop with the plans to bring a cotton mill to Greenway, and Mrs. Betts's firm and admirable opening chapters at times degenerate into almost a burlesque of the "scrambled-genes" school of regional writing. We are presented with: a "romantic"—and doomed—love affair between Esther and the Yankee imported to supervise the mill: "social significance," centering around the discontented Negro Jube (as one might expect, the Klan rides again in what seems to me the most contrived sequences of the novel); sensationalism, provided by, among others, Miss Bethesda, a Negro "sorceress" whom Thomas disposes of in one of the many acts of violence, which include rape, sudden death, and the blowing up of the mill; sex (see Thomas); perversion (see Thomas); cruelty (see Thomas); artistic aspiration (see David); madness (see Miss Rosa, Mrs. Allen's sister); alcoholism (see Rosa's husband); folklore (see Miss Bethesda).

To all of this Mrs. Betts adds an often unwieldy level of Biblical symbol, allusion, reference, and parallel: Jube is related to Christ, Thomas believes he will forever bear on his forehead the signature of Cain, Esther feels she is "like that Esther in the Bible," and so forth.

This is a shame, because Mrs. Betts is very talented, as she demonstrates time and again throughout *The Scarlet Thread* and *Gentle Insurrection*, her first book, a collection of short stories (I have not read her previous novel, *Tall Houses in Winter*). She is still a young writer. With the Gothic excesses of *The Scarlet Thread* behind her, she may yet become a very good one.

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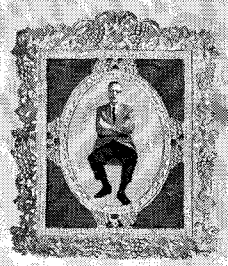

[Tonight Could Be The Knight!]

THIS YEAR PAUL MASSON GIVES AWAY KOLTANOWSKI!

OUR Fifth Annual Chess Tournament has two innovations:

1) Since the official drink for this year's tourney is Paul Masson Champagne we have decided to go the whole grape and have an official slogan too, "Tonight Could Be The Knight."

In view of this, George Koltanowski, Chessmaster and World's Blindfold Champion, has devised a tricky problem around knights.

2) While Mr. Koltanowski has been both lavish and imaginative in selecting prizes heretofore, he has possibly gone overboard this time. *The grand prize this year is Koltanowski himself!*

Yes, the winner will have Koltanowski all to himself for an evening of chess. Or, if he would like to invite in forty or fifty of his dearest friends the Master will play them all simultaneously.

Moreover, he will furnish the refreshments: frosty Paul Masson Champagne for the bubbly-breaks.

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So go to it: White to play and mate in two moves. It is pleasant to think of you pondering away with chess in your mind and a champagne glass in your hand. Good luck!

Dear Paul Masson Chess Expert, Dept. S-6, Saratoga, Calif.

Here is my solution for Mr. Koltanowski_____.

I shall be delighted to receive my numbered Chess Registry Card for 1965-66 with Koltanowski's *Further* Seven Rules For Better Chess on the back even if I'm wrong. I do hope mine is among the first correct answers checked after April 1, 1965 and I win a prize.

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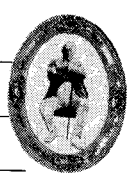

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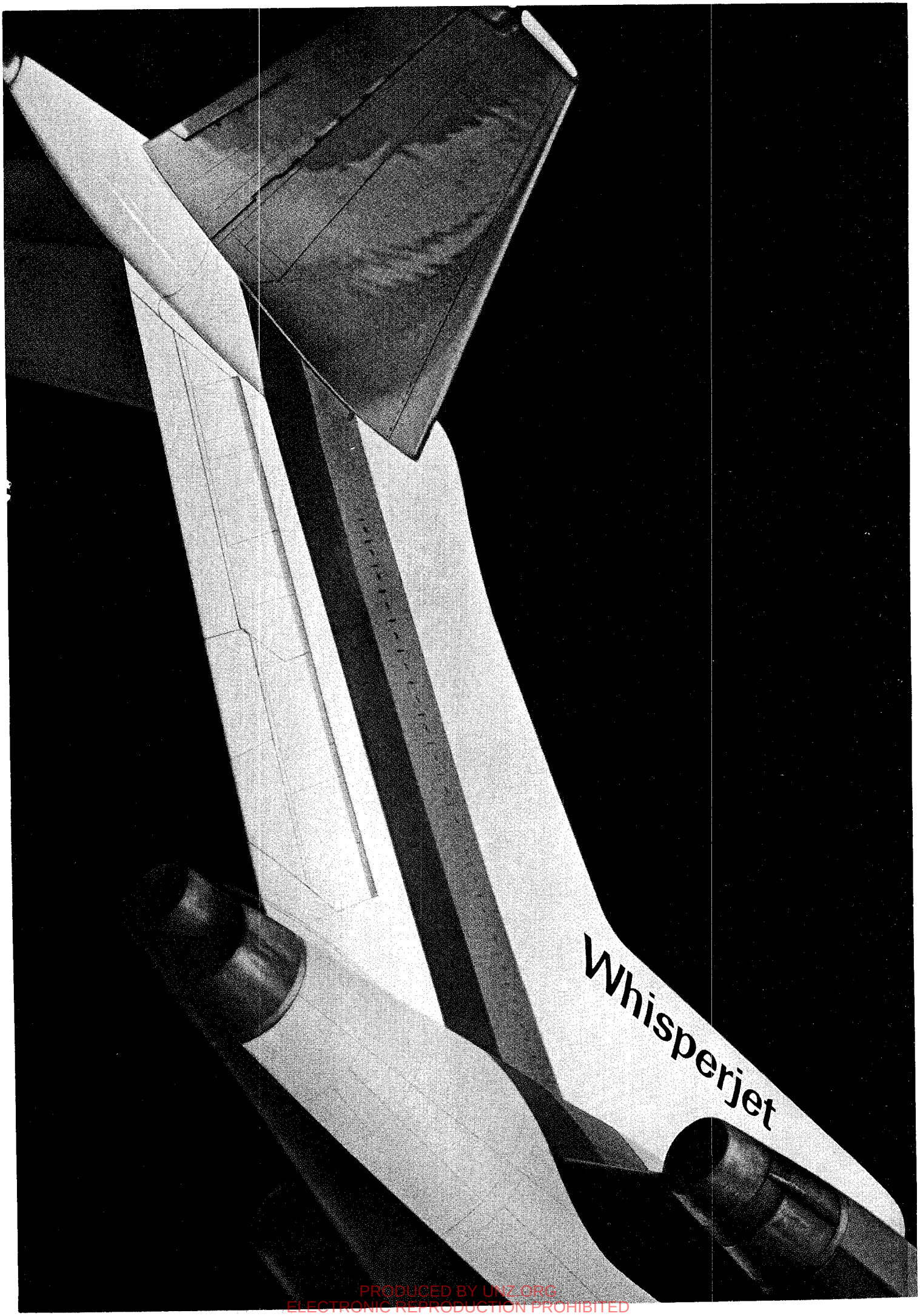

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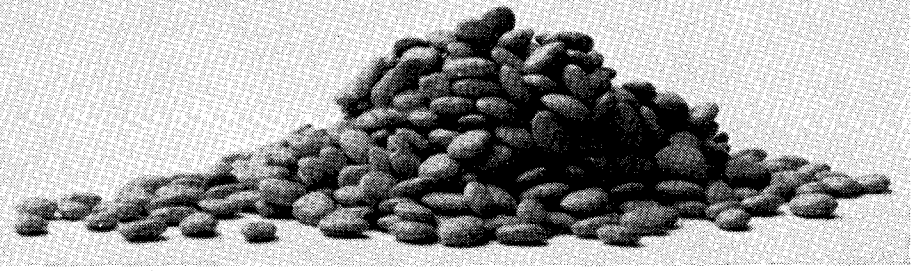

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Freedom to Walk on the Fire

The Fratricides, *by Nikos Kazantzakis, translated from the Greek by Athena Gianakas Dallas (Simon & Schuster. 254 pp. $5), postulates that for man to be free he must stand completely alone, unsupported by slogans or even by God. Peter Bien, who is the author of critical studies of L. P. Hartley and Constantine Cavafy, translated Kazantzakis's "The Last Temptation of Christ," "Saint Francis," and the forthcoming "Report to Greco."*

By PETER BIEN

NIKOS KAZANTZAKIS's final novel conveys a strange intensity, also a strange sense of impasse. One of the characters is made to say: "The deeper my mind delves . . . the more it becomes confused and dazed in antitheses." These words apply as well to Father Yánaros, the most tortured and dazed of Kazantzakis's many religious heroes. Outwardly, Yánaros is caught between the Royalists and the Communists in the Greek Civil War. Inwardly, he is tormented by his author's obsessive concerns: whether the true Christ loves or scourges; whether virtue can sprout from the dung heap of violence; whether a man can surpass man. Though Yánaros finds no final answer to many of his questions, he does somehow prove that man can surpass man.

In his youth he literally walked on fire as leader of a religious cult. This is the novel's pervasive motif, for as the priest ages he learns that life is indeed a dance over lighted coals. He tries to preach brotherhood to the fratricides, but is execrated as a Fascist by the Reds, a Communist by the Blacks, and a traitor by both. Each faction claims to be battling for Greece and freedom. Yánaros, though tempted by the Communist dogma of carnage as a necessary prelude to justice, ultimately realizes that the fighters on both sides are enslaved by their own propaganda. Worst of all, they are dehumanized. Yánaros discovers that to be human is to be free, and to be free is to stand completely alone, unsupported by slogans or even by God. Though he yearns to walk over the lighted coals of life without despair, fear, or blasphemy, he manages only the first two; when Christ refuses to lead him, Yánaros realizes that man must lead God. This blasphemous acceptance of full responsibility constitutes his great burden and glory as a human being. It makes him free. Kazantzakis is saying that Christ—and Greece—will be resurrected only when fearless men witness and die for love; only when man somehow surpasses man.

The Fratricides could have been a great novel; as it stands it is only an interesting one. The fault is in the craftsmanship. The plot is marred by coincidences and inconsistencies. Characters crucial to the action are introduced abruptly and then dropped. The various villains are one-dimensional, the writing too often flabby and unimaginative, the war scenes melodramatically unreal (though sometimes touching). Worst of all, the very striking intensity felt at times in both the dramatic and intellectual plots is dissipated by irrelevant anecdotes; unlike Kazantzakis's great epic novels, this book lacks the overriding sweep that can sustain a dominant mood despite irrelevancies.

Kazantzakis was still revising *The Fratricides* at the time of his death; surely he would have remedied much of this had he been granted time. But even as the novel stands, it displays the deep moral concern of this tortured writer at its best. To the very end his mind remained dazed in antitheses while his heart assured him that man can achieve dignity through suffering. Kazantzakis died hopeful yet unsentimental. Regarding the religious man's expectations in this anarchic world, he gave us a final verdict in *The Fratricides*' original title: "He says he wants to be free—kill him!"

Oedipus Without Tragedy: Such names as Faust, Hamlet, Oedipus, Achilles, and Orpheus have reference not only to specific mythistorical and literary characters, but also, and more importantly, to certain quintessential aspects of the Western soul. For a writer to adopt any of these epic Heroes as the lesser hero of a novel is to take upon himself responsibilities demanding more than competent scholarship and the stylistic ease of a thirty-volume career such as Henry Treece's.

With his status as a historian of Hellenic and related civilizations—of which he does indeed remind us in an appended author's note to *The Eagle King* (Random House, $4.95)—few of his readers are qualified to argue; and, since there are hardly any traces in this volume of the sensitivity of the poet, Mr. Treece's earlier accomplishments in verse and drama are here irrelevant. In any dramatic, poetic, or creatively literary sense *The Eagle King*, the surprisingly empty story of an Oedipus without tragedy, is a meaningless achievement.

Oedipus, both because of and in spite of the spurious popularity bestowed upon him via the Freudian "complex" named after him, is far too awe-full a personage to become the central prop in a novel utilizing an unfortunate first-person point of view coupled with a diction that recurrently lapses into the simple-minded. The attempt to render credible a story in which Jocasta (*the* Jocasta) says to Oedipus (formerly of *Oedipus Rex*), "Awake, you sluggard," is commendable perhaps for its audacity; but here it precipitates a blatant failure.

This is regrettable because many facets of Mr. Treece's over-all conception are laden with dramatic and poetic potential: the subtle synthesis of Helladic and Judaic-Christian symbols, with its parallelisms between Jesus and Oedipus, and between the Virgin Mary and Oedipus's mother-wife-daughter triad; the metaphysical acrophobia, the "falling" motif reminiscent of and susceptible to Miltonic development (as in *Paradise Lost*); the metaphorical background writhing with the serpentine and phallic; the anguish of man baffled by the diverse aspects of woman. Mr. Treece, however, either belabors, or hints and runs.

There is in his version of the legend —his so-called "counterpart commentary"—no climactic confrontation between Jocasta and Oedipus in which their identities as mother and son are revealed; Jocasta's "suicide" is the unintended result of Teiresias's bungling; Oedipus only pretends to carve out his eyes, and walks around the countryside with ram's blood on his face; Menoeceus is pushed to his death by Oedipus; etc.

Perhaps one is disturbed because one wonders if the "other age, other audience" for which Mr. Treece states he intended this volume really deserves it.

—THANE RITALIN.

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Bold Among the Byzantines

***Count Bohemond,** by Alfred Duggan (Pantheon. 281 pp. $4.95), the final work of a noted historical novelist, concerns a larger-than-life hero of the Crusades. "Lord Jesus" is the latest novel by Robert Payne.*

By ROBERT PAYNE

ALFRED DUGGAN was a strange man and a strange novelist. In his recently published autobiography Evelyn Waugh has described his exotic background. He was the stepson of Lord Curzon and born to great wealth, which he dissipated with considerable *élan*, so that he came to be regarded as a Restoration rake who had mysteriously entered a later age. As a student at Oxford he spent his days pretending to study, and drove down to London every night to attend nightclubs. Lord Curzon detected some glimmering signs of intelligence that went undetected by the Oxford dons. London society knew Duggan well; the world of literature had never heard of him. The loss of his fortune, and World War II, sobered him; he joined up as a private, fought with the Commandos in Narvik, and later, his health ruined, worked at the bench in an aircraft factory.

He began writing novels after the war, producing a stream of historical novels about medieval times in which the characters nearly always speak like wildly irresponsible undergraduates, while the background is always painted in with affection and painstaking accuracy. They are odd novels. I found them (except for *Lord Geoffrey's Fancy*, which described the adventures of a thirteenth-century English knight in Frankish Greece) nearly intolerable. *Lord Geoffrey's Fancy* was almost pure imagination: Duggan could invent his history as he went along. He set a scene in which the characters could chatter like English schoolboys to their hearts' content, and it did not matter. It was a delightful fantasy.

Now that Alfred Duggan is dead—he died in the spring of 1964—the time has come to review his whole work. No doubt this will be done by those who are competent to do it. I suspect that as a writer he will outlive many of his contemporaries. He fell in love with history late in life, surrendered to it wholly, and had difficulty inventing characters; but so great was Duggan's passion for the past that his novels seem likely to endure.

Alfred Duggan—"passion for the past."

Count Bohemond, his last book, has the faults and virtues of its predecessors. Bohemond, prince of Taranto, is a heroic figure larger than life, as Anna Comnena remembered when she wrote her memoirs. "Never before," she said, "had any man like him, whether barbarian or Greek, been seen in the land of the Byzantines, for the sight of him caused admiration and his reputation created fear." He was enormously tall, powerful, devious, and dangerous. Blue-eyed, yellow-haired, absurdly handsome, his mere appearance caused panic, and men shuddered when they heard his laughter. Alfred Duggan tells his story up to the capture of Antioch, with an epilogue describing his hero in Jerusalem.

Bohemond himself is immensely credible, but all the other characters except Taticius, the Byzantine general who wore a golden nose, resemble chessmen moved across the board according to the will of the author. They still chatter like schoolboys. "It's going to be frightfully hot in the middle of the day," Duke Robert grumbles. "Must we ride in full mail?"

Sometimes, too, it is rough going, for Duggan clings steadfastly to history, and there were dull passages in the Crusades when nothing seemed to happen and the Crusaders milled about aimlessly, floundering in the deserts of Anatolia. Still, Bohemond comes through, gay, treacherous, dutifully obedient to his instincts, the pure hero who feared no one and cared for nothing except power. It is not perhaps Duggan's best work, but it is a typical one, as annoying and somehow fascinating as the others; and it is sad to know that there will be no more of them.

106 French Postcards: Trident Press, publisher of *The Thousand and One Nights of Jean Macaque* ($4.95), informs us that Stuart Cloete's book is "naughty as a French postcard." How very true. One French postcard is mildly salacious, two are already a bore, and three are utterly fatiguing. Mr. Cloete offers us no less than 106 French postcards. *Jean Macaque* is a collection of vaporings, to use a somewhat old-fashioned but perfectly appropriate word. For Mr. Cloete is old-fashioned; he would probably describe himself as "unrepentantly" old-fashioned. He loves to talk about Sin and Life and Breasts and Bottoms and Virginity. He is the type of writer who, when he wants to say "a lot of beautiful women," puts down "veritable regiments of pulchritude." (This is probably what the publisher means by "full of a pretty wit.") Jean Macaque inhabits a Paris of schoolboy fantasy—that dear old City of Sin, where mistresses are invariably of "indescribable charm" and Ministers of the Republic are venal, where Pernod-drinking is a mark of singular depravity, and the Bohemians are shocked at trousered women (trousers obstruct love-making—a joke Mr. Cloete thinks so good he tells it twice, at length).

His stories of seduction are without exception well-calculated to put to sleep the entire membership of the Bromide Club. His philosophizing ("Fragmented by time into little, brittle pieces, few words ring like true gold on the counter of life. . . .") are the indefatigable work of a mind as shallow as a saucer of thin milk. One doesn't so much object to Mr. Cloete's posing as a bit of a rambunctious fellow or to his actually being a bore, although he's that worst kind of bore, the sprightly bore. What irritates is that the promise he and his publisher hold out of a little all-male bawdiness is totally unfulfilled. All talk and no orgasm.

—JULIAN GLOAG.

The Inevitable Wreck

By Reeve Spencer Kelley

THEN there was the man
Who drowned in his wife's blood;
In the inverted hubcap
Of his single death, a million
Of which were bound to get around
To that, without even trying;

But God, the romantic living. . . .
And the thing they made of it
On the plush and purple networks,
As though the phenomenon
Were the jackpot and not
The bloody rows of slot machines.

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Quiet Mind in an Uneasy Age

Seeds of Destruction, *by Thomas Merton (Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 328 pp. $4.95), assembles essays and letters containing the "penetrating reflections of the cloistered soul." John M. Pratt is counsel to the Commission on Religion and Race of the National Council of Churches.*

By JOHN M. PRATT

THOMAS MERTON's newest book, *Seeds of Destruction,* is a disappointing work, a condition for which the publisher shares a greater responsibility than the author. It is a collection of five essays and several letters, which have nothing more in common with one another than that Merton wrote them all. No apparent central theme emerges, nor can one even say that all of them would appeal to a particular class of readers.

The opening—and by far the best—essay is addressed to the white liberals supporting the Negro revolution in America. These right- but somewhat simple-minded people are in for a shock, Merton says, when they discover that the Negro is really demanding a radically new society and not just greater tokenism. Obviously Merton's point is not original, but it is simply and forcefully stated, and may well reach a reading public that has not exposed itself to Baldwin and the other exponents of the black revolution.

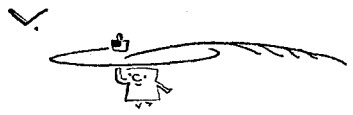
The book's longest essay is a defense of Pope John's encyclical *Pacem in Terris.* The burden of Merton's argument is that Pope John's "optimistic" view of man, which sees him as a creature responding to an authority of freedom and love rather than to an authority of force, is a realistic, pragmatic, and Biblically sound basis from which to examine and solve contemporary international problems. As Merton puts it,

> Pope John's optimism lies in this belief: that because man was made by God to seek peace and to achieve it, and because God has given man the abundant help of supernatural grace, then no matter how great man's confusion and servitude to evil may become, he can still be liberated and fulfill his vocation in peace as a free, spiritual being redeemed in the blood of Christ.

Although he doesn't quite say so, Merton appears to be challenging the "pessimistic" (his term) view of man and of human nature contained in the ethical writings of such contemporary Protestant theologians as Reinhold Niebuhr and John C. Bennett.

Many readers, I suspect, will find it hard to believe that the first essay, with its biting analysis of the contemporary American scene and its pessimistic view of the white liberal's ability to understand and accept the Negro revolution, and the essay on *Pacem in Terris* were written by the same man. Having thrown these two pieces together, the publisher would have done the reader a great service if he had asked Merton to write a third essay reconciling the views expressed in the first two.

Essays on the role of the Catholic Church in a non-Catholic world, and the monk's place in it, will be pretty heavy going for non-Catholic readers; but some of the letters that conclude the book, particularly one to Jacques Maritain interpreting the American reaction to President Kennedy's assassination,



complement the opening essay in their appeal to the general public.

Our babbling society desperately needs the quiet and penetrating reflections of the cloistered soul, and, despite the lack of a central theme, there is much in *Seeds of Destruction* that all of us can profit by.

To Believe or Not to Believe

The Existence of God, *by Wallace I. Matson (Cornell University Press. 254 pp. $4.95), examines and rejects various theistic arguments. John H. Hick, former Stuart professor of Christian philosophy at Princeton Theological Seminary, now teaches the philosophy of religion at Cambridge University. He is the author of "Faith and Knowledge."*

By JOHN H. HICK

MR. MATSON asks himself whether it is in any sense reasonable to believe that there is a Deity, and he concludes that it is not. He would thus presumably call himself an atheist. To a notable degree his atheism is a personally and professionally polite one. He discusses each of the traditional philosophical arguments for the existence of God, obligingly assists them when they stumble, and only finally rejects them with consolatory words of appreciation and regret. His style is lucid, urbane, and invariably a pleasure to read; further, in dealing with the various arguments, Mr. Matson introduces fresh distinctions and approaches that will benefit professionals as well as the general educated public. In these respects this is not only a good book but a very good one.

But there is also something regrettably anomalous about it. In an age of empiricism Mr. Matson, an associate professor of philosophy at the University of California at Berkeley, writes as an old-fashioned anti-theological rationalist debating against equally old-fashioned theological rationalists. His entire work consists of an attack upon the various theistic arguments—different ones of which are still relied upon by the more traditional Roman Catholic theologians (cosmological argument), Protestant Fundamentalists (design argument), religious Idealists (ethical argument), and moralistic politicians (pragmatic argument). The author shares with these groups the old rationalist assumption that to know means to be able to prove; so that to know God means to be able to prove His existence.

That these arguments, together with the others which Mr. Matson examines, are irrelevant to the actual genesis of faith in the mind of the believer is fairly obvious. But Mr. Matson is evidently not aware that they are equally irrelevant to the rational defense of faith by a growing number of religious philosophers today: witness the almost nonexistent role that the theistic arguments play in the volumes arising out of two recent major confrontations between theologians and their philosophical critics—*Religious Experience and Truth,* edited by Sidney Hook, and *Faith and the Philosophers,* edited by this reviewer.

The new and more empiricist apologetic that is replacing the traditional theistic proofs focuses attention upon the state of religious faith, and claims

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that this is a state which it is rational to be in, but which philosophical reasoning cannot put one in.

The state of faith, in its strongest instances, is that of someone who cannot help believing in God. He reports that he is conscious of God—not of course as an object in the world, but as a divine presence. In the Old Testament, for example, the prophets were aware of God as dealing with Israel through the vicissitudes of her national history. In the New Testament the disciples were conscious of God as acting towards them in and through Jesus, so that His attitudes towards the various men and women whom He met were God's attitudes towards those same people. And the contemporary man of faith is aware of existing in the unseen presence of God and of living his life within the sphere of a universal divine purpose.

Having thus pointed to a putative religious awareness, the new apologetic argues that this is no more in need of a philosophical proof of the reality of its object than is our perception of the physical world or of other people. The rationalist assumption is no more valid in relation to religious cognition than in relation to sense experience. We do not in ordinary life launch an inference from sense impressions to a material environment but are conscious of that environment itself; and likewise the believer does not reason from his religious experience to God but is conscious of God Himself. There are of course important differences as well as significant similarities between religious and sensory knowledge, and both need to be thoroughly explored. But the central claim of the new type of apologetic is that it is rational for someone who believes himself to be aware of God, and who finds himself linked in this belief with a long-lived community of faith, to trust his religious awareness and to proceed to base his life upon it.

If this position is sound it establishes the rationality of one who, on the basis of his own religious experience, believes in God. It does not however render it rational for Mr. Matson, in the absence of a like religious experience, to do so. But it might nevertheless make him more open to the religious dimension of our human experience.

I would, then, urge all who are interested in the "theistic proofs," and indeed all who appreciate good philosophical writing, to read this book, but at the same time to see it as the slightly archaic exercise that it is.

Ways to a Willing Oneness

Unity in Freedom: Reflections on the Human Family, *by Augustin Cardinal Bea (Harper & Row. 272 pp. $5), presents the basic problems that keep mankind schismatic. Carl Hermann Voss, a Protestant clergyman and author of "Rabbi and Minister," is on the faculty of the Theological School at St. Lawrence University in Canton, New York.*

By CARL HERMANN VOSS

IN THIS wise, warm, and perceptive book, Augustin Cardinal Bea recognizes the great tension that prevails between unity and freedom. He sees an indissoluble link between the efforts toward the unification of the Christian church and the unity of all mankind. Men are interdependent, and unity among them is therefore a "must"; but to attain such unity involves the danger of a collective smothering and brutalizing that might swiftly extinguish man's freedom. In pleasantly flowing, almost conversational prose, he presents the basic problems that still sunder the human family; but he views these divisions in a larger context:

> The hope and character of a man's real life must be chosen and decided, under God, by himself alone. . . . Not even God will force him, though God can and does draw him, even through his freedom. And this is man's greatest glory, that he can give himself with complete freedom to the cause of truth, justice, charity and to the cause of the freedom of all mankind.

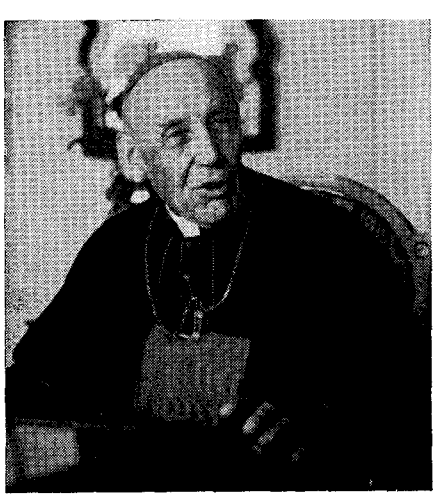
Cardinal Bea, as president of the Secretariat for Promoting Christian Unity, is faithful to the heritage of Pope John XXIII in outlining basic principles that might reunite all men under God. Pope John, irenic yet determined, kindly yet strong, saw Christian unity as including a wide diversity of theological views, liturgical forms, and administrative procedure; but on matters of doctrine, he insisted, there could be no possible compromise. Bea, too, says: "Reinterpretation, yes; but compromise, no."

Coupled with Cardinal Bea's devotion to the memory and legacy of John XXIII is an extraordinary understanding of Protestantism. He knows its history, appreciates its polity, and respects its convictions, diverse though they may be, and discusses them sympathetically in one of his best chapters, "The Scandal of Christian Divisions." Bea says: "We Catholics must recognize with sincere gratitude that it was our separated brethren, Orthodox, Anglican and Protestant, who gave the first impulse to the modern unitive movement." He graciously allows that "we have learned much from them and can learn still more" and then affirms an inclusiveness that bodes well for both Christians and non-Christians:

> No Christian is a true Christian unless he feels his responsibility for the whole of the human family and is moved by sincere love for it. It is *his* family and all men are his brothers. So felt that son of a small farmer, Pope John XXIII, and he expressed the heart and mind of mankind.

The conclusion of the third session of Vatican Council II last November saw some of the Cardinal's views rebuffed by several statements and actions on the part of Pope Paul VI. Yet Bea's spirit seems to inform an ever-increasing number among the Bishops, as they endorse his desire to have the Council adopt a forthright statement repudiating the attribution to Jews of collective guilt for the crucifixion, and formulate a clear pronouncement that religious liberty is consistent with Christian doctrine.

The valuable appendices include: (1) The Universal Declaration of Human Rights; (2) the prayer of Major Gordon Cooper, the astronaut; (3) the revised report of the Commission on "Christian Witness, Proselytism and Religious Liberty," adopted by the Central Committee of the World Council of Churches; and (4) a list of the delegated observers of non-Roman Catholic churches to the Second Vatican Council.



Cardinal Bea: "We Catholics must recognize with sincere gratitude that it was our separated brethren, Orthodox, Anglican, and Protestant, who gave the first impulse to the modern unitive movement."

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SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Anthologies

BERNARD SHAW'S READY RECKONER: A Guide to Civilization. By N. H. Leigh-Taylor. Random House. $4.95.

Art, Architecture

BAROQUE ART IN ITALY. By Eric Van Schaack. McGraw-Hill. $8.95.

Business, Economics

THE BUSINESSMAN'S GUIDE TO WASHINGTON. By William Ruder and Raymond Nathan. Prentice-Hall. $10.

THE COMPUTER AGE AND ITS POTENTIAL FOR MANAGEMENT. By Gilbert Burck and the editors of *Fortune*. Harper & Row. $4.50.

FISCAL SURVEY OF COLOMBIA. By the Organization of American States. Johns Hopkins. $9.50.

Crime, Suspense

THE ASHES OF LODA. By Andrew Garve. Harper & Row. $3.50.

BLACK GLASS CITY. By Judson Philips. Dodd, Mead. $3.50.

THE DEATH BRINGERS. By Dell Shannon. Morrow. $3.95.

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Education

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Fiction

ANOTHER MAN'S WIFE. By Torcuato Luca de Tena. Knopf. $5.95.

BELL CALL. By Sylvia Ashton-Warner. Simon & Schuster. $5.

A BEND IN THE GANGES. By Manohar Malgonkar. Viking. $5.95.

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THE NATIONAL GUARD IN POLITICS. By Martha Derthick. Harvard Univ. Press. $4.95.

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Miscellany

AFRICAN WILDLIFE. Compiled by Franz A. Roedelberger and Vera I. Groschoff. Text by Nieter O'Leary and Pamela Paulet. Viking. $8.95.

ALL THE BEST IN THE CARIBBEAN. By Sidney Clark. Dodd, Mead. $5.95.

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WHILE BERLIN BURNS 1943-1945: The Diary of Hans-Georg von Studnitz. Translated by R. H. Stevens. Prentice-Hall. $4.95.

Poetry

THE LOST WORLD. By Randall Jarrell. Macmillan. $3.95.

Reference

CATALOGUE OF THE WORLD'S MOST POPULAR COINS. By Fred Reinfeld and Burton Hobson. Sterling. $6.95.

DICTIONARY OF PRONUNCIATION. By Samuel Noory. Barnes. $7.50.

NEW HORIZONS WORLD GUIDE. Pan American-Simon & Schuster. $2.95.

Religion

THE NEW TESTAMENT IN MODERN ENGLISH. Student edition. Translated by J. B. Phillips. Macmillan. Hardbound, $3. Paperback, $2.45.

REFLECTIONS ON GOD AND SELF. By John Henry Newman. Edited by Lawrence F. Barmann, S. J. Herder & Herder. $1.75.

SACRAMENTS: The Gestures of Christ. Edited by Denis O'Callaghan. Sheed & Ward. $4.

Science

REPTILES AND AMPHIBIANS: Their Care and Behavior. By Zdenek Vogel. Viking. $12.50.

SEXUAL REPRODUCTION. By Susan Michelmore. Natural History Press-Doubleday. $4.50.

STARS AND PLANETS. By James Muirden. Crowell. $4.95.

Sociology

A CONTINUING TASK. By Oscar Hand. Random House. $3.

Theater, Film

THE INTERNATIONAL FILM GUIDE 1965. Edited by Peter Cowie. Barnes. $2.95.

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BOOKS

Nonfiction

GENERALS VS. PRESIDENTS: NEO-MILITARISM IN LATIN AMERICA, Edwin Lieuwen. Praeger, $4.50 (*SR*, Jan. 2)—An analysis of the recent coups in those countries where, "in the eyes of the military, governments exist to defend the armed forces. . ."

LATIN AMERICA: MYTH AND REALITY, Peter Nehemkis. Knopf, $5.95 (*SR*, Jan. 2)—An appraisal of fundamental inter-American issues reminiscent of Senator Fulbright's attack last year on our foreign policy.

HALF-WAY TO THE MOON: NEW WRITING FROM RUSSIA, ed. by Patricia Blake and Max Hayward. Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $5.95 (*SR*, Jan. 2)—An unusually judicious presentation of post-Stalin writing.

THE KING AND HIS COURT, Pierre Viansson-Ponté, tr. by Elaine P. Halperin. Houghton Mifflin, $5 (*SR*, Jan. 9)—With wit, irony, and insight, the authoritative political editor of *Le Monde* views the supremely self-aware de Gaulle at Elysée Palace and Colombey.

NAPOLEON AND JOSEPHINE: THE BIOGRAPHY OF A MARRIAGE, Frances Mossiker. Simon & Schuster, $6.95 (*SR*, Jan. 2)—Personal letters and diaries authenticate the story of a man who loved too well.

THE NEW MEANING OF TREASON, Dame Rebecca West. Viking, $6.95 (*SR*, Dec. 26)—A sequel to the author's classic treatment of World War II spies and traitors with a new cast of postwar subversives added, including the Profumo players.

THE MARSH ARABS, Wilfred Thesiger. Dutton, $6.50 (*SR*, Jan. 2)—An Englishman who spent seven enchanted years in wettest Arabia rues the impact of civilization on a rapidly disappearing culture of ornamented canoes and great Euphrates guest chambers.

QUEEN VICTORIA: BORN TO SUCCEED, Elizabeth Longford. Harper & Row, $8.50 (*SR*, Jan. 23)—Biography that seeks to reveal what the Queen was rather than what people thought she was; it considers, among other questions, significance of the Queen's widowhood and seclusion.

Fiction

LATE CALL, Angus Wilson. Viking, $4.95 (*SR*, Jan. 16)—The belated coming-to-life of an unassuming Englishwoman who learns at the age of sixty-five that the self matters very, very much.

THE FINAL BEAST, Frederick Buechner. Atheneum, $4.50 (*SR*, Jan. 23)—A minister and a young woman parishioner exemplify aspects of the contemporary American experience in this urbane story of faith triumphant.

WHITE LOTUS, John Hersey. Knopf, $6.95 (*SR*, Jan. 23)—History may be impervious to ifs, but literature is not—hence this absorbing tale of a young white girl enslaved in China in the Twenties, a strangely antique world yet untouched by Communism and civil war.

ART

Exhibitions

PIET MONDRIAN: RETROSPECTIVE EXHIBITION, Santa Barbara Museum of Art—Gathered entirely from American collections, this is the most comprehensive survey yet seen in the United States of Piet Mondrian, the peerless Dutch modern painter who made history with his uncompromisingly pure abstractions. Closes Feb. 21.

THOMAS COLE: PAINTINGS BY AN AMERICAN ROMANTICIST, Baltimore Museum of Art—*In order to feature a recently acquired* long-"lost" painting by Cole, the Baltimore Museum has borrowed a splendid group of canvases by the outstanding painter of the Hudson River School. Closes Feb. 28.

MASTER PRINTS OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY, Fogg Art Museum, Harvard University—Ranging from 1899 to 1962, from Norway to Mexico, this show presents 166 prints. Opens Feb. 4.

LONDON: THE NEW SCENE, Walker Art Center, Minneapolis—Varying from figurative works to hard-edge abstractions, the exhibition includes eighty-five paintings and sculptures by thirteen young British artists, some never seen before in this country. Opens Feb. 6.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Publications

OUR SAN FRANCISCO, Diablo Press, $12.50—Forty-nine square miles of "old traditions and new cultures, tied together by wisps of fog, strands of steel, and a cable car bell," are captured in text and photos by ten appreciative natives—among them Ernest Braun, Jerry Stoll, Jacqueline Paul, Kenneth Rexroth, and Herb Caen.

Exhibitions

PEACE ON EARTH, Hallmark Gallery, New York—Based on the book of the same name (see *SR*, Dec. 5), a dramatic installation of Magnum photography effectively illuminates the spirit of Pope John XXIII's Encyclical. (Through Apr. 2).

THEATER

MAN AND SUPERMAN (*SR*, Dec. 27)—Fine revival of Shaw comedy, with *Don Juan in Hell* scene included.

THE NEW PINTER PLAYS (*SR*, Dec. 27)—*The Room* and *A Slight Ache* moodily explore the danger areas around two complacent marriages.

WAR AND PEACE—A handsome theatrical mounting of dramatic and significant moments from the Tolstoy novel.

GOLDEN BOY (*SR*, Nov. 7)—Sammy Davis, Jr., is a man between two worlds in a play excitingly produced.

TINY ALICE (*SR*, Jan. 16 and 30)—Edward Albee's confounding parable of man and the universe.

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MOVIES

NOTHING BUT A MAN—Believable and human, this is the work of new film-makers about a young Negro couple's ordeal in the South.

ZORBA THE GREEK (*SR*, Jan. 16)—Vivid realization of the Kazantzakis novel, with Anthony Quinn as Zorba. Superbly written, directed, and produced by Michael Cacoyannis.

MISCELLANEOUS

Poetry Center, New York

C. DAY LEWIS, Mon., Feb. 8, 8:30—British poet, critic, and publisher, 1965 Norton Professor of Poetry at Harvard; admission $1.50.

KARL SHAPIRO, Sun., Feb. 28, 8:30—Poet, author of *The Bourgeois Poet* (Random House), reading with commentary; admission $1.50.

Editorial

Continued from page 22

the Soviet Union doesn't decrease the ideological and military danger from Russia but may actually strengthen it. Conversely, upgrading of living conditions—especially in view of the modifications that are required to achieve it—add to the chances for durable peace. The American search for effective disarmament agreements, therefore, is a genuine one.

Meanwhile, a parallel fallacy about the American economy has existed for many years among Soviet planners. For if the United States thought it could crack the Soviet economy by stepping up the arms race, the Soviet Union thought it could crack the American economy by ending it. More recently, however, Soviet leaders appear to be unburdening themselves of that particular fallacy. No longer are they committed to the view that disarmament in the United States would touch off a massive depression. Their economists have undertaken detailed studies of the American economy and now believe that the conversion possibilities are substantial and would offset the downward effects of cutback and dislocation. They realize that the continuation and extension of the nuclear arms race would lead to a holocaust that would be just as real to them as it is to us. And they are less inclined today to see the question of disarmament in terms of ideological or economic gain or loss than they are in terms of their own national survival. In this respect, the changed thinking in both countries provides a broader base for constructive and useful dialogue than has previously existed.

The great hope for the future, as in the past, lies in the fact of change. The question is not whether history is moving in the direction of sparing modern man from nuclear incineration but whether modern man can recognize auspicious change when he sees it.

—N.C.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Bad Movies Are Born, Not Made

ONCE *Tom Jones* had proved itself so sensationally at the box office, it was only to be expected that films of the same general category, if not quality, would attempt to follow its ribald and successful trail. Paramount is hoping to enthral us soon with *The Amorous Adventures of Moll Flanders* (with Kim Novak as Moll), and an Italian film, in the same genre, although not based on a classic novel, has already arrived. It is called *White Voices*, its setting is eighteenth-century Rome, and, in an anything-goes spirit, it derives its dubious inspiration from those historic musical oddities, the castrati of Italian eighteenth- and nineteenth-century opera. But historical and musical purposes are far from the minds of the numerous screenwriters who concocted this bawdy mélange, and the direction by Festa Campanile emphasizes only its coarsest aspects.

The story's hero is an Italianate sort of Tom Jones whose name is Meo, a poor but scoundrelly son of a poverty-stricken family of chamber-pot makers. The French have taken to enameling and decorating chamber pots, thus bringing ruin to those who manufacture the unadorned variety. Meo first tries to sell his young brother to a training school for male sopranos, then is recruited himself, making sure, however, to bribe the surgeon into allowing him to retain his maleness. And gleefully the film puts Meo into a variety of situations where he is considered "safe" but in actuality can have the time of his life. The sexual innuendoes fly thick and fast, until as last the ironies of fate catch up with Meo, and he is turned into a more genuine castrato. I detail the movie's events to this degree only as a public service to those who might otherwise be influenced by publicity and overly chuckling reviews.

For, to be summary about it, the film is simply dreadful, not because it leers and winks and makes sly, poking jokes —although all that is hard enough to take—but because it is an out-and-out commercial attempt to exploit what its producers assume is a prevalent contemporary taste. It may well be that millions went to see *Tom Jones* because they heard it was—well, you know, that eating scene, and that part where he covers the camera lens with his hat. . . . On the other hand it did have skill, and consummate acting. It came very close to catching the spirit of a comic masterpiece, and, as for its bawdiness, it contained both genuine humor and satiric flavor. There are almost none of the latter qualities in *White Voices*, although the photography in color is handsome and some of the settings are understandably nice to look at, as are several attractive women who appear for brief moments. Beyond that, the film is mainly bad taste, bad jokes, and totally commercial intentions.

But in the case of *White Voices* it at least is possible to discern a motivation for its having been produced. A new Columbia film with Lana Turner, *Love Has Many Faces*, seems to seek not to amuse, not to imitate, not to entertain, but, if anything, only to be one of the worst films ever made. It takes place in Acapulco, and has to do with a rich, selfish woman who is attempting to hang on to her present husband after causing the suicide of a beach boy because of her heartlessness. One has to go back to the Gloria Swanson movies of the early Twenties to find anything like it, but at least those films were soundless, while this one has dialogue by Marguerite Roberts, who seems to have modeled her style on the lesser Rod Serling and episodes of *Route 66*. No one talks straight, and the prevailing mode of communication is by means of teeth-grating would-be epigrams that seem to give off a clinking sound as they are enunciated by Miss Turner, Cliff Robertson, and Hugh O'Brian in turn.

The film's message is that neither money nor sex brings happiness, but after about two hours of total dullness Lana Turner is gored in the belly by a runaway bull, and this brings about her regeneration. How could such a script have possibly been cleared for production, what possessed Alexander Singer to direct it with such solemn seriousness? These are questions stockholders of the Columbia Pictures Corporation might well ask.

BAD film-making knows no boundaries, however, and for proof there is *Contempt*, written and directed by Jean-Luc Godard, who has the facility for skipping lightly from one foolishly insouciant effort to another. This one deals with a French film writer who imagines he will lose his soul and his wife (Brigitte Bardot) if he takes a commission to work for an American film star-producer on a production of Homer's *Odyssey*. By the picture's end, he has lost his wife, after winning her contempt, and M. Godard has focused his lens several times on rear views of Miss Bardot's nude form. Godard is almost as bad a writer as the above-mentioned Marguerite Roberts, and he is just about equal to Alexander Singer in his ability to achieve boredom —at least as exemplified in this case.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and Yetta Arenstein

PREPOSITION PROPOSITION

Each of the prepositions below introduces a well-known piece of literature, and each of the dashes following the preposition stands for one word in the title. Ruth C. Clark of Plainview, Texas, who also supplies the names of the authors, asks only that you complete the titles by filling in the missing words. Answers on page 44.

1. *Across* ___ ___ ___	Bernard de Voto
2. *After* ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___	Aldous Huxley
3. *Around* ___ ___ ___ ___ ___	Jules Verne
4. *Before* ___	Jack London
5. *Between* ___ ___	Virginia Woolf
6. *Beyond* ___ ___	Eugene O'Neill
7. *For* ___ ___ ___ ___	Ernest Hemingway
8. *From* ___ ___ ___	James Jones
9. *In* ___	Alfred Lord Tennyson
10. *Of* ___ ___ ___	John Steinbeck
11. *Out* ___ ___ ___ ___ ___	Walt Whitman
12. *Through* ___ ___ ___	Lewis Carroll
13. *Under* ___ ___ ___	Thomas Hardy
14. *Unto* ___ ___	Paul Green
15. *Up* ___ ___	Booker T. Washington
16. *Within* ___ ___	Sean O'Casey

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LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. *Across the Wide Missouri.* 2. *After Many a Summer Dies the Swan.* 3. *Around the World in Eighty Days.* 4. *Before Adam.* 5. *Between the Acts.* 6. *Beyond the Horizon.* 7. *For Whom the Bell Tolls.* 8. *From Here to Eternity.* 9. *In Memoriam.* 10. *Of Mice and Men.* 11. *Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking.* 12. *Through the Looking-Glass.* 13. *Under the Greenwood Tree.* 14. *Unto These Hills.* 15. *Up from Slavery.* 16. *Within the Gates.*

BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Three Hits for Repertory

THREE recent productions have gained back a good deal of the ground lost last year by the proponents of American repertory theater. One is the APA Repertory Company's second success of this season, a handsome and ingeniously staged *War and Peace*. The use of Peter Wexler's remarkable pie-cut stage that permits segments to raise or lower, plus a transparent screen that drops and lifts, makes the action of this sprawling novel continuous and less complicated. The flow is further smoothed by a narrator dressed in a modern dinner jacket who addresses both the audience and the characters, and suggests the didactic implications that Alfred Neumann, Erwin Piscator, and Guntram Prufer have found in their adaption of Tolstoy's novel.

The point of this version seems to be that the outcome of any war is accidental and that war is thus never justifiable. It also seeks to demonstrate the irony of the fact that 1812 Russia benefited hugely from the invasion of French republican ideas at the same time that it underwent great agony and loss to repulse the French.

While this didactic distortion is not fully convincing, it does not matter too much. For under Ellis Rabb's fine direction each performance is richly and theatrically fulfilled. Donald Moffat as the proud but sensitive Andrei, Sydney Walker as Andrei's tyrannical old-guard (but never unloving) father, Rosemary Harris as the accomplished yet ingenuous Natasha, Joanna Roos as her refined yet of necessity opportunistic mother, and Clayton Corzatte as the wise but never sententious narrator supply the most memorable characterizations. However, the entire cast is beautifully blended to serve the play.

Performing a story in a series of short sequences like these is one of the most demanding tasks an actor can face, and with this production the APA Company can consider that it has proved its ability to meet as exacting standards as exist in any of the world's great companies.

Tartuffe, the last fling of the Lincoln Center Repertory Theater by its former managing director Robert Whitehead (who said he was "wrongfully discharged") featured several performers with the kind of proficiency that had been missing in *The Changeling* and *Marco Millions*.

On an open-stage floor charmingly decorated by David Hays, the Molière comedy gets off on a delightfully absurd note. Actor Hal Holbrook steps forward to recite a prologue written by the comedy's adapter, Richard Wilbur. It is a hilarious version of the compulsory "No Smoking" announcement ("His Honor is concerned" lest a fire leave this audience "eternally in doubt/As to the way in which our play comes out"). To this director William Ball adds a couplet of his own: "Our company is honored and delighted/To dedicate this work to—Robert Whitehead!"

With this, *Tartuffe* was on its merry way. And merry is the word, for Mr. Ball has ever so slightly spoofed the frailties of the helplessly tender hearts of an upper-class family that finds itself at the mercy of a ruthless faker. Thus Orgon, played bullheadedly but not unkindly by Larry Gates, seems an easy mark. His daughter, as portrayed with fluttering fingertips by Joyce Ebert, is helplessness itself. Orgon's brother-in-law, played by Claude Woolman, is a precise demonstration of the powerlessness of eloquence to oppose an unreasonable obsession. Only the practical servant Dorine understands that one must oppose guile with guile, and an accomplished performance by Sada Thompson catches a full-blooded pre-French Revolution insolence.

Most striking of all is Michael O'Sullivan as a gnarly caricature of puritanical deformity. When he loudly orders, "Hang up my hair shirt," we sense an unmitigated scoundrel who knows that once he has grasped the material power over Orgon, he can risk the most outrageous behavior. Thus Mr. O'Sullivan enjoys great arrogant relish in his hypocrital and demonic carryings-on. And he demonstrates superbly the play's essence when with one hand he stuffs a handkerchief into the bosom of Orgon's beautiful wife, while he dips the other hand in holy water.

Since these outstanding actors are appearing with the company for the first time in *Tartuffe*, one inevitably asks the question: Does their addition to the company reflect Mr. Whitehead's realization from the first season's experience that the original company chosen primarily for the more colloquial *After the Fall* would not do for a classical repertoire? If so, the company that now performs *Tartuffe* would, with some of the classically trained members of the original company, make a fine nucleus for a troupe that might open the Beaumont Allen Theater next fall, hopefully under the artistic administration of a "rightfully reinstated" Robert Whitehead. —HENRY HEWES.

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Under Space Programs

THE NAVY pilot who had washed up on the shore of the deserted island slept soundly in the thatched hut by the edge of the sea. But soon the alarm clock rang, followed by the arrival of breakfast. Who rang the alarm and fetched breakfast? Friendly porpoises.

So goes the script in the regular show at San Diego's Sea World, which opened last March as one of the most recent and the most sophisticated of the world's oceanariums. Time was when trainers of bottlenose dolphins would teach their charges to leap high for a fish and stand back to take the bows. The public enjoyed the bait, too, but leaping for snips of herring was a trick that could be mastered by anyone who was a porpoise and soon was placed in the rack along with other clichés, such as the seal who could play "My Country 'Tis of Thee" on an array of horns. All of Sea World's aquatic exhibitions involving porpoises are now part of a script. In the Navy pilot scene, the porpoises bring the aviator a big load of bananas and papayas in a small boat. Eventually, they do even better: they bring him a girl. The maiden from the tropical isle gives the lost aviator a flower lei, and the flyer decides to give the porpoises a luau. He goes fishing, gives them the catch. Finally Aphrodite, the dolphin star, jumps eighteen feet in the air to show her unmitigated pleasure.

Sea World's Theater of the Sea is even more complicated. A glass theater-in-the-round, or rather theater-in-the-square, seats its audience on four sides of a forty-five-foot-square tank that can hold 160,000 gallons of water plus four underwater ballerinas and a quartet of performing dolphins. Complete with lights and music and a running commentary, the Theater of the Sea presents a bubbly fantasy that opens with an underwater ballet performed by the Scuba-equipped girls turning flips and somersaults, in a submerged version of Billy Rose's venerable Aquacade, a hit in another age.

The porpoises get into the act, too, gracefully weaving among the performing girls, nuzzling around for a friendly pat or a chuck under the chinless faces. Enter suddenly a fishing boat, which drops its anchor. The porpoises immediately realize that something's flukey and hang a "No Fishing" sign on the intrusion from above. When the fisherman proves to be a litterbug, the porpoises gather his garbage and put it into an old clam shell marked "Waste." Finally the porpoises pull the plug, sending the fishing boat to the bottom. The fisherman comes, too, equipped, of course, with diving gear. His name is Zeke and the fish make him feel so much at home he decides to live at the bottom of the sea, reclining on a golden throne with sea maids and porpoises frolicking all over the place.

EVEN when it comes to the realm of sea birds, Sea World has cooked up an act that could have played the Palace, Sullivan, or the Albee circuit. It calls its penguin pen Tuxedo Junction. The stuffy little birds, all Humboldt penguins form the Galápagos Islands, eat a pound and a half of whitebait every day, nibble vitamins and minerals. In return for their keep they slide down slides, jump off diving boards, have dinner at a table (in their tuxedos, of course), walk a narrow ledge, and ride the rails of a cable car. For a finale, four of them join fins or wings, or whatever it is that penguins have, and sing a monstrous squeak of a song. The members of the quartet are called, of course, John, Paul, George, and Ringo.

Sea World, which occupies a corner of San Diego's fabulous watery dell known as Mission Bay, also has sixteen tanks of assorted seahorses which, strangely enough, have not been taught to race yet, or even to leap hurdles. It displays tanks of sea anemones that look like surrealist cabbages but are in fact animals that attract fish, swallow them with their mouths, which are variously colored pink, lavender, or green. Sea World has just caught Nosy and Rosy, a pair of elephant seals, as yet unperforming. The adult male is expected to tip the beam, if not break it, at better than 5,000 pounds when full grown.

Elsewhere on the grounds Sea World has installed a whole corner of seagoing Japan. A venture of the Murata Pearl Company, which spent $1,000,000 building it, the Japanese village features diving girls, imported from the homeland, who flutter beneath the surface of a man-made lagoon to pick up pearl-filled oysters. The visitors, who pay $2.49 for an oyster, can have it shucked on the spot and, for an extra fee, have the pearls set into a pendant, an earring, a pin, or a tie tack. The Japanese Village also serves green tea and fortune cookies, shows an exhibit of cultured pearls said to be the most comprehensive outside Japan, gives demonstrations of the Japanese tea ceremony and flower arrangements, and sells lacquerware and strings of cultured pearls. On a stage over the lagoon where the *ama* girls dive, a Kabuki dance troupe goes through the ancient postures.

Deeper in the Pacific, Hawaii's Sea Life Park, which opened about the same time as San Diego's Sea World, is perhaps an even longer leap away from the old porpoise-jumping shows so popular in Florida for the last three decades. Sea Life, while not originally so theatrical as Sea World, has always maintained a definite side interest in science. Its originator, thirty-three-year-old Tap Pryor, and his wife Karen, daughter of Miami's Philip Wylie, have both had long and deep interests in marine biology. Karen's indoctrination came in Florida and the Bahamas under the sponsorship of her father. Tap had made a diving helmet at a time when most kids are making lead soldiers, and had even tried it out. When he was learning to be a Marine helicopter pilot at Pensacola they spent their spare hours combing the South Florida reefs.

TODAY the Pryors operate a big semi-scientific, semi-theatrical sea show in a flatland under the brooding cliffs at Makapuu, about half an hour from Honolulu. Their reef tank is a fair representation of what life looks like a few hundred yards offshore and 50 feet down. Surrounding it is a spiral walk, reminiscent in its nautical way of Frank Lloyd Wright's curling conch shell walkway for the Guggenheim Museum in New York. Here, however, the *humuhumunokunuku apuaa*, the tony fish that some enterprising lyricist put into a popular song, play, along with Moorish idylls, yellow tangs, porcupine puffers, sting rays, octopus, the aku, the thread fin jack, moray eels, and a pair of four-foot-long sharks. Although the exhibit was originally static, except for the movement of the fish, the Sea Life has since introduced a Hawaiian free diver who descends into the tank—and never mind the sharks, the moray eels, and the rays—and feeds the fish by hand. The scene is replayed five times a day.

The shark pool, an early exhibit, is now being remodeled as an old Hawaiian fish pond, with its characteristic stone wall. Here the park will keep or store live mullet in the very method

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practiced by the old Hawaiians. To give it more bazazz they will add a Hawaiian fisherman who will harvest the mullet with his throw net. While offering a pleasant spectacle, the exhibit not only recreates history but also provides an educational gambit dear to the hearts of the Pryors. They have secured a grant of $360,000 from a foundation to conduct experiments in scientifically controlled methods of fish farming. Park director Tom Moorish is quick to illustrate that the Hawaiians practiced fish harvesting for a population of half a million. The concept has possibilities as a vital protein source for the underdeveloped nations of the Far East. The Peace Corps will examine the project with great care.

Sea Life has also injected a boost of show biz into its Leeward Islands Pool, once a static exhibit of birds and seals. A Hawaiian girl has been added to this rookery, which already contained goony birds, blackfooted albatross, redfooted boobies, frigate birds, green sea turtles, and a Hawaiian monk seal or two. The bird girl has already established a great rapport with the animals. The turtles rest their heads on the edge of the shoreline and wait to be patted. The seal puts his head on her lap, and the booby plants its red feet on her shoulders and squawks for stray fish.

Spectators who flock to the grandstand of the Glass Porpoise Theater see a huge tank with one great glass wall, giving the impression of a cutaway view of the ocean itself. Although a number of ordinary tricks are used—the porpoise rings the bell to start the demonstration—and although the star now leaps sixteen feet to brush the roof, there are many scientific overtones injected here, too. One of the performers, a dolphin named Keiki, which is Hawaiian for "child," was used in highly successful performances in the open ocean. After a considerable period in captivity she was released in the sea, where she responded to noise impulses at least a half-mile from the boat. Keiki was clocked in speed trials in the sea, and on command returned without duress to captivity, the first wild porpoise ever to be tamed, released, and recovered. In captivity Keiki goes through an elaborate sonar test by weaving her way through a variety of

objects while blindfolded with suction cups.

A bit of San Diego's Sea World flair is visible at Sea Life Park in the area known as Whaler's Cover, an artificial lagoon planted with a model of the whaling ship *Essex*. Here a script has been written, too, and the watery playlet opens when a Hawaiian girl paddles into sight in an outrigger canoe. A narration begins, describing the migration of the Hawaiians from Bora Bora. A trained redfooted booby flies in and takes food from her hand. The girl becomes lost and the porpoises arrive and lead her to an island. Later she jumps in the water and swims with the porpoises back to the boat. For a finale the porpoises stand on their tails and do a sort of hula.

IT might all appear a little Walt Disneyish, but somewhere in a porthole a pair of eyes is watching the whole thing. They belong to Gregory Betson, a renowned animal behaviorist who peers intently into the lagoon watching the relationship of the porpoises, seeing how they pair off or how they communicate with motions and gestures, a language called paralinguistics.

Sea Life Park will gross $1,000,000 this year, but that is only part of the game. Oceanics is soon expected to become a $25,000,000 industry in Hawaii. There are great plans for a Man-in-the-Sea program, the establishment of a permanent underwater laboratory inhabited by scientists. Among the most interested parties are the very people who are deeply involved in our outer space program. There is an under space, and leaping porpoises are only a small part of it. —HORACE SUTTON.

Coming March 13

The Traveler in Europe

SR's Spring Travel Issue

Music to My Ears

Continued from page 24

Susanna and Teresa Stratas's boyish Cherubino), while gaining momentum with the first New York appearance of Geraint Evans in the title role. Otherwise, there were varying degrees of satisfaction to be derived from Ingrid Bjoner's first Countess as partnered by a pair of unfamiliar Counts: William Dooley and Gérard Souzay. (Souzay had been scheduled to sing both performances, but illness forced him to defer his debut.)

Evans's basically serious Figaro was by far the most remarkable portrayal, especially when evaluated within the framework of Cyril Ritchard's basically farcical production. Here was a Figaro embittered by his predicament—a man of nimble wit and humor, but neither clown nor fool. Evans matched his dramatic concept with a shrewdly executed vocal plan that made the most of his strengths—an ability to point the words meaningfully and first-class musicianship—while it minimized his limitations—a slight dryness of tone and a slackening of weight at range extremes.

With such stylish performers as Evans and Raskin as the servants, the impersonators of Mozart's aristocracy found themselves hard put to convey contrasting degrees of elegance and polish. Surprisingly, it was Dooley, the man who wasn't even supposed to be there, who came closest to success.

Although the young American was unable to cope very suavely with either the fioratura or the altitude of the third-act aria (what Count today can?), he carried off the rest of his assignment with aplomb. Souzay, on the other hand, discovered that the elements that make him so exceptional a recitalist are of little help at the Met, especially when cast in so dramatic a role. Refinement, after all, counts for little when the voice is too small, too tight, and too light for Mozart's requirements. And intellectual understanding of a role cannot save the day if the singer is too inhibited to project that understanding beyond the footlights. For her part, Bjoner offered an unpredictable Countess who fluctuated from moments of beauty and poise to moments of insecurity and awkwardness.

—MARTIN BERNHEIMER.

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The Incomplete Casals

PABLO CASALS had a birthday recently, and CBS News observed the event with *Casals at 88*, an hour-long television portrait of the world's greatest cellist. Isaac Stern, the violinist, interviewed Mr. Casals at the latter's home in Puerto Rico, and their conversation was threaded through a fabric of sequences showing the veteran musician teaching in Vermont, performing at the Prades Festival in Southern France, and conducting *El Pessebre*, his peace oratorio, in Budapest. Mr. Stern said to Casals early in the program: "You are a political person." The cellist vigorously denied this. "I am a simple man," he said, "and I don't like complications." The fact is that Casals is a protesting artist whose changing political convictions have received considerable attention in recent years. But no contradiction is apparent in his music, and the CBS portrait successfully projected this artistic unity. His foundation is Bach, a composer of "volcanic temperament," whose work he loves for its perfection, diversity, and beauty. His ideal is a balance of liberty with order, an ideal he satisfactorily demonstrated on the program in both his playing and teaching. His appearance also evidenced an inner order. Casals scowls and frowns when he plays, and his jaw is often pugnacious in his fierce, intense devotion to his music. Yet his presence is serene and his aggressiveness is tender.

His musicianship was reflected completely, even to his professional foibles. He and Zoltan Kodaly, at the Hungarian composer's home in Budapest, agreed that Stravinsky could be a great musician "if, like a dressmaker, he weren't always after the latest fashion." "I could be as modern as anyone," Casals added mischievously, "but I don't want to."

The communication by the program of the cellist's political character was not so successful. Casals was anti-Facist during the Spanish Civil War, and after General Franco's victory he went into self-imposed exile. He dedicated his life to helping Spanish refugees (he says, "If I have done one thing in my life well, it was that"). In 1945 he said he would not play anywhere except in Prades until the Western democracies withdrew diplomatic recognition from Spain. He changed his mind and played for the United Nations in 1954, at the same time urging artists to work for peace.

He has protested against Communist dictatorships, too, but his recent visit behind the Iron Curtain suggests an awareness of change in the world; in fact, he has said he would go to the Soviet Union under certain conditions. Very little of this political contradiction was conveyed by Mr. Stern's conversation with Casals. What came out was a warm, broad humanitarianism, an emotional dedication to brotherhood and peace in general terms, and a profound confidence in mankind's basic capacity to love and be intelligent. This was the expression of a great heart, in the tradition of Albert Einstein and Albert Schweitzer, two other musicians. But there was a lack of wholeness in the image of Casals the political man. When Mr. Stern said, "You say nationalism is not a good thing," Casals stopped puffing his large curved pipe. "Absolute independence is a bad thing," he replied. "To be independent is to think only of myself, not my neighbor." The answer was ambiguous. Is Pablo Casals an "innocent enthusiast" or does he have a more intellectual grasp of the complexities of government? The dialogue on *Casals at 88* suggested the former.

Was the lack of clarity due to the softness of Mr. Stern's questioning—or does the explanation lie in the way the program was edited? Advance notices from CBS promised that Casals would talk "about his feelings and actions about Franco, Hitler, Fascism, Communism, and the behavior of the democracies with regard to the Spanish Civil War." But no such specifics were ever present on the air. Yet the program, oddly enough, ran about five minutes short. CBS, when queried, replied that "there were only two public service commercials instead of four" (the program was not sponsored) and that "an editorial decision was made to have Casals talk more." With five minutes to spare, it seems there was actually less talk. Many admirers of Casals missed the program because it was presented two days earlier than originally scheduled and only short notice was given of the change. CBS, after the November Nielsen ratings revealed that the three networks were in a competitive tie, reshuffled its schedule, and apparently the Casals program was caught in the shift. Perhaps CBS News will balance liberty with order and reschedule it.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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Churchill

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then he tended to stumble or to evade the issues. That is why the over-all picture both of Marlborough and Lord Randolph is too simple, too direct. There is a total absence of any comprehension of the deeper motivations at work in these characters or of those with whom they worked or against whom they struggled. Churchill's characters are pre-Freudian as his history is pre-Marxian.

The faults of Churchill as a historian tend to outweigh his qualities in his last book, *History of the English Speaking Peoples*. Of course, this is a remarkable book, remarkable because Churchill wrote it and remarkable, too, for the quality of his writing. As might be expected, the political and military history in this book is well told. The narrative rattles along, the comments are vivid, and human achievement and suffering in war are expressed in eloquent and moving prose. And the book is as accurate as first-class scholarship could make it, for Churchill commandeered a small army of professional historians to weed out his errors of fact and interpretation. It is in many ways an elegy for the generous view of English history and institutions that lay at the core of the Whig aristocratic tradition. Nor was this tradition all nonsense. The English acquired and maintained political liberty, and the history of Europe and of the world demonstrates that this was no mean achievement; certainly the Whig aristocracy played a significant part in acquiring it.

The trouble is that the book belongs to the nineteenth, not the twentieth, century. One looks in vain for so much that has conferred distinction on the English-speaking peoples—its literature, its science, its philosophy, and its industrial technology. There is scarcely a word on Shakespeare, on Hobbes or Locke, and hardly anything at all on Newton, Boyle, Faraday, Maxwell, or Rutherford; the Industrial Revolution and all the political and social change that it has produced is brushed aside in a few pages. And these serious omissions are indicative of the great fault of Churchill, both as a historian and as a statesman: he lacked a sense of the deeper motives that control human society and make it change, just as he lacked in the same way an interest in the deeper human motives. The past is comprehensible only in terms of the future, but Churchill's mind was immersed in tradition. It made him a splendid symbol for a nation in torment but inhibited his vision when he came to survey the broad sweep of English history. The influence of its exceptionally intricate class structure and the problems created by the even more remarkable tenacity of its feudal con-

tinuum in an industrial society eluded him. The pageantry of a coronation superimposed on the steel mills of Sheffield or the sprawling suburbia of Manchester never struck him as mildly odd; for him the right things were in the right places. In spite of his generosity and the warmth of his devotion to the English land and its people, he could not see its future, so his vision of its past was clouded, limited to the past of his ancestors, of Lord Randolph, of Marlborough, of Blenheim.

In a way the *History of the English Speaking Peoples* is a historical document rather than a history, an epitaph of a class, of its strong traditions and intellectual shortcomings. Yet it possesses rare qualities; the narrative dances along, the prose rises and falls from simplicity to majesty as occasion requires, the judgments of men and affairs are decisive, the standard of accuracy is remarkably high. Criticism of the book cannot easily fasten on what it contains, but only on what it omits.

It would be fruitless to attempt to assess Churchill's ability as a historian, divorced from the rest of his career; the fact of who he was must add dimensions to his work that would have been absent had it been written by another. And yet his books will not live merely because he wrote them. They possess what all great literature must possess, whether imaginative or historical: a view of life that is at the same time deeply personal yet a revelation to other men of the nature of human experience. In his books as in statesmanship there is a sense of the grandeur of mankind, its capacity to endure and to triumph. A sense of greatness informed all that he did or wrote. He was perhaps a brontosaurus, but in a world of minnows.

Antiquity's Magicians

Continued from page 21

are these (freely translated by Dr. Margalioth):

Against the Danger of Flood: "If a river or a lake should overflow its banks and the oncoming waters should endanger your home, then make the image of a man in stone, and engrave upon the soles of the feet the names of these angels [listed elsewhere] and put a rod of marble across his shoulders and in his right hand a staff."

Against Bill Collectors: "Take water from seven wells on the seventh day of the month, pour the water into seven jars, and put the jars under the stars for seven nights. On the seventh night, smash the jars and hurl them to the winds." (While doing this the charm-seeker is advised to quote a particular prayer to evil angels, urging the angels to "break his [the bill-collector's] bones, crush his members, smash him so there shall be no cure. . . . ")

For Winning a Horse Race: "I entreat you, the angels who run between the stars, that you give strength and force to the horses in this race and to their driver that makes them run, that they shall not be tired and they shall not stumble and they shall run easily and no beast shall best them and no charm or magic work against them. . . . "

To Silence a Judge (or other high official whom you suspect may be going to rule against you): "Take ashes from the ground under the statue of [name of Pagan God], whisper on it seven times the names of ten angels and pray: 'I beseech you, angels of silence and fear, that you shall silence every heart and mouth of men that are standing against me and they shall bring out only good for me and I shall win my case,' "

Love Charm: "I entreat you, angels of grace and beauty, that you shall bring together the destinies of A son of B and his star, with the star and fortune of X daughter of Y; that love for this man shall be implanted in her heart, and with your own fire set aflame her heart; that she may abandon the house of her father and her mother for the sake of the love of this man; that she shall be unable to eat or drink or sleep until she is together with A son of B." . . . "And take two eggs and put them with the sacrifice of a white hen in a new vessel to [Aphrodite]."

To Ensure the Good Fortune of a Newborn Child: "If you want to protect a newborn child against evil spirits then . . . before the child is conceived, take a golden tablet and write thereon the names of these angels [enumerated elsewhere] and place this within a silver locket. The woman must wear this locket around her neck, and when the time shall come that she shall give birth to this child, take four silver tablets and engrave upon them the names of these angels.

To Ensure the Safe Return of a Soldier: "If you would be safeguarded from the sword and arrow of your enemy, that you should suffer no wounds when you set out to the wars, then take seven leaves from a willow tree, and write on these leaves the names of these angels [mentioned elsewhere], two angels on each leaf."

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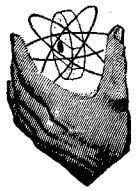

DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • Science in Journals • Research Frontier • Science in Books • Letter from Cleveland

ARTICLE: The Engineering of Change in the U.S. Constitution

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

BUILDING THE AMERICAN DREAM

EVERY man lives in at least one garden of dreams.

Sometimes he has only his own small plot, staked out by the clock hand that superintends his sleep. All the flowers in it are private plantings of his soul, amongst which unbidden weeds occasionally thrust, fertilized by the droppings of private devils running short-leashed in his unconscious.

But there are also gardens of public dreams, like the one President Lyndon B. Johnson stood in at 9 o'clock on the night of January 4, 1965. The members of the Congress of the United States, of the Supreme Court, of the Presidential Cabinet, and various other domestic and foreign dignitaries stood with him inside the garden fence. And beyond the fence were gathered the citizens of America and their neighbors around the earth.

The oldest dream the human race has memory of, the dream of free men living happily together on a bounteous planet of a benevolent star, had been growing in that particular garden for 200 years. The President had gone there to talk about the first plantings of the third century.

"The beauty of America has sustained our spirit and enlarged our vision," he recalled. "We must act now to protect this heritage. . . . We must make a massive effort to save the countryside and establish—as a green legacy for tomorrow—more large and small parks, more seashores and open spaces than have been created during any period in our history."

"Wherever our roads run," they must be landscaped "to provide places of relaxation and recreation," he went on, and "within our cities" imagination must be aroused to "transform . . . streets and . . . open areas into places of beauty."

As the President continued to describe the State of the Union on the threshold of 1965, the horizon of his words arced ever outward. From a promise to "match the achievements of our medicine to the afflictions of our people," "seek full employment opportunity for every American," "develop regions of our country now suffering from distress and depression," "keep our economy growing," he moved on to propose an "end to the poisoning of our rivers" and the "pollution of . . . the air that we breathe." Peering still further outward he saw "the day when the oceans will supply our growing need for fresh water"; in the yet more distant haze, obscured by a gap in knowledge, he could faintly discern means of dealing "with the explosion in world population and the growing scarcity" of the rawstuffs of human contentment.

Boldly he declared an intent to explore the far perimeters of the American dream:

"We are committed to help those seeking to strengthen their own independence, and to work more closely with those governments dedicated to the welfare of all their people.

"We seek not fidelity to an iron faith, but a diversity of belief as varied as man himself. . . . We seek . . . a harmony between man and society which will allow each of us to enlarge the meaning of his life and all of us to elevate the quality of our civilization. . . .

"If there is great danger, there is now also the excitement of great expectations."

An elliptical quality in the President's remarks disturbed many commentators. Plain and clear links between promise and performance were missing. The report that follows is not written as an apologia. But it does seem desirable to fill in some background pertinent to the substance of his words.

"If there is great danger . . . ," the President said. Throughout human history civilization has always been in danger from its environment. Every society has had an elite guard of some sort. And one of the jobs of the guard has always been to function as *a repository of practical information that could be used immediately* in defense of the society. Napoleon put things backside up when he said that an army travels on its stomach; an army travels on the backs of its engineers, who know where to find the food if necessary and how to protect the troops against infection and disease. Military engineers have built far more bridges, roads, aqueducts, and living quarters than has any other arm of civilization.

Engineering for survival is, then, one of man's most ancient and honored professions. For centuries on end its work was almost wholly empirical. Not until Johannes Kepler, mathematician to the Hapsburg imperial family in Prague, introduced experimental science in the seventeenth century, was there any sound theoretical footing for a technologist to stand on. Nevertheless, the very old Cathedral of San Sofia (now a mosque) in Istanbul was so soundly designed that its dome still stands unaffected by the earthquakes that regularly rattle the Turkish countryside—but one example of the exquisite art that has fortified mechanics down through time.

After the spectacular seventeenth century burst of intellectual flowering had pushed creative geniuses like Kepler, Galileo, and Newton so far above the heads of the crowd as to remain visible ever since, the accretion of a common scientific underpinning for engineering went on too slowly to be noticed by anyone except participants in the process. Otto von Guericke of Madgeburg, R. W. Bunsen of Heidelberg, and a few other freaks of the technological craft invented tools that science used to advance the frontiers of fundamental knowledge. But the great body of engineering existed apart from theoretical adventuring, in small and isolated cells of activity, each dependent on its own apprentice system of learning.

This hand-to-mouth status continued through the American revolution of the eighteenth century and the Civil War of the nineteenth (even when creation of a National Academy of Sciences was approved by Abraham Lincoln in 1863, engineering was still referred to as one of the arts and was so encompassed by the original NAS charter) to the first World War in the twentieth. At that point Woodrow Wilson was confronted with a new testing ground for democracy's strength: the technological battlefield.

There was not enough "art" in the National Academy of Sciences to meet this challenge. So a National Research Council was formed within the Academy to provide a host of practical measures that ultimately fought off the thorough German application of chemistry and physics to warfare. The fight-

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ing ended too soon to summon scientific theory from any appreciable depth, however, and with the return of peace engineering fell back to its accustomed reliance on empiricism until the outbreak of the second World War brought a cataclysmic break with the past.

Nuclear explosives alone might have been enough to shatter the ancient mold of engineering. And they were not alone. They were accompanied by proximity fuses, homing torpedoes, long-range bombing planes, long-range submarines, floating airfields, radar eyes that saw in the dark, and guns that tracked and felled their prey automatically. Most fundamental of all, the conveyance of information, on which all other biological activity depends, was reduced to theory by a Bell Telephone Laboratories scientist, C. E. Shannon, with the result that patterns of thought could be spread, as vapor, through hosts of artificial memory cells (see cover of this issue of *SR*) in robots capable not only of inhumanly rapid mathematical calculation but of logical decision-making.

About five years after the end of the war—1950 is usually fixed as the crossover date—engineering assumed a posture totally new in its history. It was at last a cohesive calling, firmly based on scientific theory and principle throughout. It was finally competent to say something about the future as well as to act in the present.

ANY engineer who happened to occupy a seat of power would have felt the riptide of change. Dr. Detlev Bronk was more exposed than most because his seat was at the head of the National Academy of Sciences. Though outsiders thought of him as a biologist, and on that score felt him appropriately placed as president of The Rockefeller Institute, his own appraisal of himself began with the fact that his first job after leaving school had been with the Philadelphia Electric Company. He had taken his first degree in electrical engineering and only later had turned to biology because he had observed that all forms of engineering were simply extensions of the human organism's natural means of coping with its environment. As president of the Academy, he summoned representatives of all the existing engineering societies to meet with him and discuss means of focusing the nation's finest engineering talent on the work of the National Research Council, which had continued as an Academy affiliate since World War I. He considered enlarging the engineering membership of the Academy but rejected the idea rather than upset the traditional balance among astronomers, mathematicians, physicists, chemists, and biologists.

This Solomon-like attitude might have been accepted if Dr. Bronk, the biological engineer, had not been appointed chairman of the first governing board of the National Science Foundation. NSF was a government bank, chartered by the Congress to finance basic scientific research. Applied science therefore was legally beyond reach of the bank's largesse. Instead of blaming Congress for limiting the bank's franchise, as they logically should have done, the engineers blamed Dr. Bronk.

The dissatisfaction was intensified by the Russian launching of Sputnik I in the autumn of 1957. Here, beyond quibble, was an engineering exploit of the highest rank. Might it have been accomplished just as well or perhaps better by American technology under the right conditions? The question was raised by implication in a speech at Estes Park, Colorado, by Professor Harold K. Work, associate dean of New York University's College of Engineering and director of its research division, in September 1958. Among his remarks was this one:

"There is an important lesson to be learned from [artificial] satellites [of earth], namely that it may take a million or more dollars worth of hardware to get equipment in place to secure $15,000 or $20,000 worth of basic research data. If this analysis of the problem is correct, then it should not be too difficult to find a solution. My recommendation is this. We should accept the fact that the National Science Foundation is for scientists, and then try to set up a National Engineering Foundation to meet the need for basic engineering research. This should be supervised and operated by engineers, and should fill the position that the National Institutes of Health do for medicine. This would seem to be a way to meet the basic needs of engineers while the NSF could continue to do the excellent job that it has done for scientists."

Professor Work heard no reaction to his suggestion from Washington. But within three months he received an invitation to direct a non-profit institution that had been making history for almost half a century: The Engineering Foundation in New York City. The Engineering Foundation had been formed in 1914 with a $3,000,000 endowment—the first $800,000 coming from Ambrose Swasey, an engineer in Cleveland, Ohio. As its third philanthropic project, the Foundation had financed the entire cost of the first year of operation of the National Research Council of the National Academy of Sciences, turning over the Foundation offices and giving the services of the Foundation secretary to NRC for the purpose. For five years thereafter (while the main NRC tab was being picked up by the Rockefeller Foundation and the Carnegie Corporation) the Foundation had supported the NRC's Division of Engineering. Later, minor fractions of the Foundation's annual $100,000 gifts budget went to other NRC activities until 1941. By 1959, any split of that $100,000 left sums insignificant even as seed-money when compared to Ford and other philanthropic grants, and the Foundation board was ready to put all its resources behind one grand project. Professor Work's project seemed to be it.

While he sat at his new desk and mulled over the prospects for his National Engineering Foundation, the Professor chanced upon a brief published notice of a provocative speech delivered during Engineer's Week in the month of February 1960. The notice told of a proposal from Dr. J. Herbert Hollomon, research chief for General Electric in Schenectady, N.Y. The proposal was to create a new National Academy of Engineering.

Professor Work wrote a letter to Dr. Hollomon, got an immediate reply, and arranged a dinner meeting at the Red Coach Grill in Yonkers. At the dinner table a merging of forces occurred. Word of the merger soon reached the Engineers Joint Council, a federation embracing all the engineering societies of the country, whereupon a third man joined the new coalescence of power:

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—*G.E.*

J. Herbert Hollomon

—*Union Carbide.*

Augustus Kinzel

Dr. Augustus Kinzel, vice president in charge of research for Union Carbide. Dr. Kinzel then was president of EJC.

At the National Academy of Sciences in Washington, Dr. Bronk thought he saw a golden opportunity to bridge the gulf that had opened beneath him, with the Academy on one side and the engineering community on the other. He asked Dr. Kinzel to fill a then vacant post in the National Research Council—head of the Division of Engineering and Industrial Research. Dr. Kinzel accepted the offer, which not long afterward was followed by his election to membership in the Academy proper.

Much pulling and hauling occurred in succeeding months. Committees were assembled. Resolutions were adopted. Compromises were made. Dr. Bronk retired as Academy president, to be replaced by Dr. Frederick Seitz of the University of Illinois, a famous engineering school. At last, on December 11, 1964, it was announced to the press that, under the powers of its original charter written by Congress and signed by Lincoln, the National Academy of Sciences would bring into being, as part of its own structure, a National Academy of Engineering, to operate autonomously with and parallel to the National Academy of Sciences.

ON paper at least, the half million or more engineers in the country had achieved a voice in public affairs on a prestigious level equal to that of the country's quarter million scientists.

The engineering problem involved—that is, how well the tandem responsibility will work out in practice—is almost infinitely complex, for the success of the National Academy of Sciences as an advisor to the Federal government has rested largely in a refusal to dot "i's" and cross "t's" of contractual arrangements. For example, NAS has consistently denied official agency requests for names of members of advisory panels or details of the panel agendas.

Marked independence of action (not enough, in the eyes of some observers, including *SR*'s science editor, but nonetheless marked) has thus been assured in the past. If scientists and engineers continue as suspicious and resentful of each other as they have been up to now, maintenance of such independence will be difficult. For every project will have to be classified either as a scientific enterprise, susceptible principally to a scientific solution, or as an engineering job to be carried out by engineers.

Part of this dilemma has already been solved by events. The plain fact is that most of the major matters now coming before the National Academy of Sciences have heavy if not dominant technological components. Had a separate National Academy of Engineering been established, the National Academy of Sciences might gradually have atrophied. The hope of the men now guiding both Academies is that nettlesome details can be handled without hurt either to science, to technology, or to society.

The head of the new National Academy of Engineering is Dr. Kinzel, whose membership in the National Academy of Sciences has previously been noted. He will sit on the governing council of the NAS, one of whose present member—Dr. Lloyd Berkner, president of the Graduate Research Center of the Southwest and NAS treasurer—is an eminent engineer. The NAS president, Dr. Seitz, will sit on the governing council of the National Academy of Engineers, along with Professor Work (secretary of NAE), Dr. Eric Walker, president of Pennsylvania State University (vice president of NAE) and Dr. Thomas C. Kavanaugh, partner in the engineer-architect consulting firm of Praeger-Kavanagh-Waterbury (treasurer of NAE). Questions of priority which cannot be simply resolved by the Councils will be turned over to a joint operating board, which presumably will include some of the twenty-five founding members of NAE. One of those twenty-five (eleven of whom belong to NAS) is Dr. J. Herbert Hollomon, now Assistant Secretary of the U.S. Commerce Department for Science and Technology.

I HAVE described the hidden tapestry on which President Johnson wove his State of the Union dream in January 1965. Almost every project he named for action in the next four years was an engineering enterprise. There is now in existence an agency capable of dealing with such projects by natural category—transportation, communication, energy, nutrition, etc.—rather than in fragments arbitrarily fitted to scientific disciplines; hence there is ready and waiting a capability for building solid structural members on which the dream-gauze can safely hang.

THE emergence of this new mutation in democracy's evolution is twenty years overdue. The period of Mr. Johnson's Presidency may determine whether it came too late. As Professor Arthur Selwyn Miller points out in the symposium that follows this page, technology already has significantly altered the structure of American government to the point where there is critical danger of eroding the rights of individual citizens. Honesty of purpose and integrity of method in obtaining research grants of public funds have been diluted so often as to merit satire by Daniel S. Greenberg in the country's most vigorously edited scientific journal (see page 54). Of course there are genuine statesmen of science, such as Dr. Alvin Weinberg of Oak Ridge (page 56) whose observations deserve broader public attention than they usually get; but, as Jacques Ellul says (page 58), too many scientists are extravagantly unrealistic about the long range consequences of their own work. They need to be reminded of what happened to those of our ancestors who forgot the wisdom of humility (page 60). The nation's physicians have been perhaps especially myopic in relating their own welfare to the common good; nevertheless, they embody a long tradition in the old sense of engineering and they ought to be heard as Dr. Irvine Page pleads that they should be (page 59). Social science is the most vital kind of engineering we have, and its practitioners are destined to carry the heaviest burden of all. More than any others, their studies need both recognition and financial support on a scale far beyond present contemplations. True, the findings of social scientists often seem no more than elaborate confirmations of the obvious; just as often, their conclusions carry no visible immediate usefulness. But if the Congress can (as it did) justify a 1964 defense research and engineering budget totaling $7.9 billions, of which (to quote Assistant Defense Secretary John H. Rubel) $5.8 billions went into projects "for which no decision to produce or deploy a weapons system has been made," then surely the President can make a persuasive case for considerable public investment in exploration of paths to peace and prosperity in an environment worthy of human dignity.

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor

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THE ENGINEERING OF CHANGE

By ARTHUR SELWYN MILLER

IT is the accelerated impact of technology that is so important today. The *trend* is too well known to need further amplification, but still little recognized and acted upon in the form of governmental programs is the *consequence* of advancing technology, the need to harness and to direct it so as to maximize the likelihood that democratic values will be preserved. We are just beginning to recognize that such a problem exists. In other words, the technological revolution has definite portents for American constitutional values and their preservation.

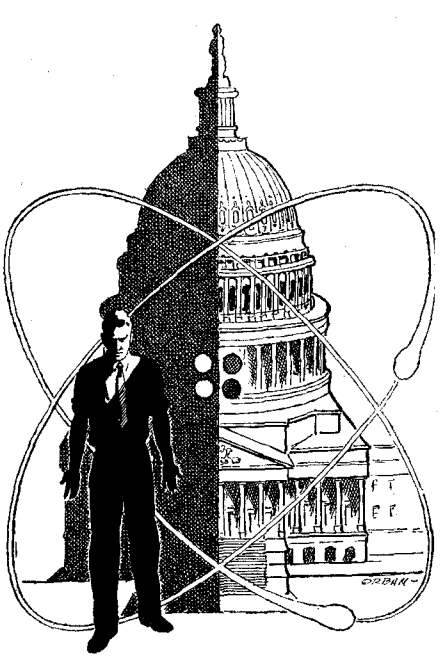
Perhaps the most evident of the constitutional changes predicated upon technological influences is that within the federal system. The new patterns may be seen in three trends: (1) from *dual* federalism to *national* federalism within the structure of "formal" federalism; (2) the burgeoning of "functional" federalism; that is, the growth of large "private" power centers, principally corporations, within the American polity; and (3) the advent of "federalism by contract," mainly within the area of science and technology.

What technology has done is to create a true *national* economy through the development of rapid communication and transportation systems and, even more importantly, through the growth of huge industrial combines which straddle the continent and which are the main units of functional federalism. But that national economy is superimposed upon a decentralized political system—the fifty allegedly "sovereign" states. This causes stresses and has led to a series of congressional statutes which tend to bring a degree of uniformity in commercial and economic matters throughout the nation. Labor relations illustrate the point.

The Wagner Act in 1935 and its subsequent amendments may be seen as an effort to recognize the advent of industrialism (a product of technology) and to deal with the economic power of the corporate entity. In so doing, Congress—with assistance from the Supreme Court—promoted the growth of trade-union power, proceeding on the assumption that the decisions made by the managers of the products of technology—on the one hand, the corporation executives, and on the other hand, the union leaders—would serve the overall national interest. Similar activity may be seen in such other segments of the economy as agriculture, where a national program of subsidy has operated for more than a quarter-century. Here again, the forces of modern technology are causing large alterations in traditional methods of farming; and this, again, has led to a national, as distinguished from a local, resolution.

These national programs have been discussed too often in the literature to require additional restatement at this time. The point is not to replow old ground but to underscore the proposition that federalism has been and is changing from what it was as recently as 1900.

THE alteration in formal federalism has had a marked impact upon the tasks of the three branches of the national government. Three separate, yet interacting and overlapping developments, may be noted. First, the role of the Supreme Court has changed in a significant manner. Whereas the Court was concerned during the first 100-plus years of its existence with matters of governmental power in economic matters, it is now mainly preoccupied with problems of civil rights and civil liberties—so far as constitutional adjudication is concerned. The questions of the nature of the commerce power and of the taxing and spending powers of Congress are by and large problems of yesteryear insofar as the consonance of congressional actions with the Constitution is concerned. So, too, with the questions of state power in the economic field: "Economic due process" is mainly of historical interest as an episode in the history of the development of the living American Constitution. However, this does not mean that the Court no longer has any role in the formulation of national economic policy. The Court has the continuing task of interpreting some of the statutes which bear upon the national economy. In so doing, its role is far from a passive one; here, too, its decisions necessarily have to be creative in some degree. The field of labor relations and the interpretations of the Wagner Act and other statutes is one illustration, antitrust law another.



This change in the Supreme Court's role has several implications. In the first place, the question arises as to what is the proper judicial method when the principal task is one of statutory interpretation rather than putting content into the great generalities of the Constitution. To what extent should—and can—there be a posture of deference to the legislative command? All too often, it may be said, Congress has spoken in such abstract terms that the Court must create law to enable it to operate at all. The history of judicial construction of the Sherman Antitrust Act is in point. Second, a judicial construction of a statutory term is always subject to possible "overruling" by Congress. In other words, the ultimate authority in economic matters under the Constitution is now the national legislature. Third, the judiciary shares with the public administration the task of putting content into economic policies.

Perhaps "shares" is not apposite here, for in main effect it appears that the bureaucracy far overshadows the courts in this effort. Judicial deference to administrative expertise, built up over several decades of cases, plus the hard fact that the courts are ill-suited (both as to time and as to method) in making the myriad of implementing decisions which are necessary, clearly reveal the relative diminution in power of the federal courts in economic matters. That conclusion does not minimize the importance of judicial review of the public administration; no doubt an appreciation on the part of administrators of what the courts might do in a given case taken up for review has an effect

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IN THE U. S. CONSTITUTION

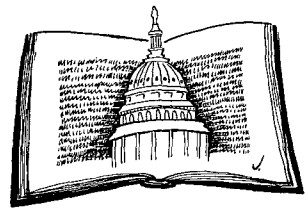
on what takes place in the bureaucracy. Nevertheless, judicial control of economic matters—either in the form of invalidating congressional legislation or in imposing judge-created norms for substantive administrative decision-making—is now a historical oddity, with one big exception: antitrust law.

Congress, too, is being altered by the new posture of formal federalism. This alteration also has several facets. First is the fact, new to the twentieth century, that the ultimate power over the type of federal system we shall have lies in the hands of Congress. Whatever the Constitution may say either expressly or implicitly, whatever the Supreme Court may have done in the past to legitimize alterations in that structure, it is now Congress which will determine, through its social and economic legislation, the nature of federalism. Second, Congress has already changed the structure of the federal system, probably irreversibly, in the series of statutes which had a culmination, but not a terminus, in the Employment Act of 1946. In this remarkable group of enactments, a system of national economic "planning" has been undertaken, the basic thrust of which is to provide noncoercive guidance to the economy and the basic tenet of which is the acceptance of national, as distinguished from state or local, responsibility for the economic well-being of the American people. Third, Congress through such legislation has had to create a system for administering the details of its implementation. In so doing, it has established the federal bureaucracy and given administrators authority to act with only the most tenuous of statutory restraints. This has led to a rather frantic search for means to make the administrators "accountable"—for techniques to place curbs on administrative discretion.

At one time, a naïve belief in administrative expertise and the impartiality of the expert led Congress to the conclusion that occasional review of the courts would be enough to keep the public administration in line. The Administrative Procedure Act of 1946 epitomizes that notion. But almost simultaneously came the realization to members of Congress that they had ceded most, if not all, of their authority, so the search began for means to control the content—the substantive aspects—of administrative decisions. The result of this inquiry is increasing attention paid by Congress to administration through the employment of such devices as committee approval of proposed administrative decisions. This perhaps may be seen best in the relationship of the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy to the Atomic Energy Commission, but there are a number of other examples of legislative veto.

The actions of the Joint Committee go far beyond mere "legislative veto"; the Committee in practical effect has breached the separation-of-powers doctrine by setting itself up as a sort of "fourth branch of government" within the sphere of its jurisdiction. In addition, other techniques exist for congressional control of administration, as Professor Joseph P. Harris has recently demonstrated. "Congress exercises control over administration in a variety of ways, formal and informal": through the enabling acts setting up agencies, through appropriations and the item veto of specific items in the budget proposed by the President, through investigations, through the Senate's power to "advise and consent" to appointments, through a sort of "appellate" system whereby parties concerned with administrative decisions "appeal" to committees or individual members to introduce legislation or otherwise to intervene in the administrative process to get a "reversal" of the proposed decision. Whether all or even most of this legislative activity is proper—both in accord with the Constitution and consistent with desirable policy ends—is beyond the scope of this discussion.

As with the Supreme Court and Congress, so it is with the executive: Changing patterns of federalism have brought changes in the role and function of the executive-administrative branch of government. The history of the presidency, *i.e.*, the executive branch, has been one of the aggrandizement of power. Many of the recently added activities of that branch either concern the management of technology (*e.g.*, the Federal Communications Commission) or are the result of the impact of science and technology (*e.g.*, the Area Redevelopment Act). Thus it may be said that the same forces unleashed by technology which are producing changes in formal federalism also have an impact upon the position of the executive in the constitutional tripartite separation of powers. National norms of behavior in



important areas are being enunciated by the executive, as in the Federal Power Commission's regulation of natural gas prices at the wellhead, and as in the Executive Order formalizing an industrial security program (mainly in the area of advanced weapons technology) which had been questioned by the Supreme Court.

In sum, then, the structure of formal federalism has altered since 1787 so as to make the central government the dominant member of the duo, to make Congress and not the Supreme Court the final arbiter of the nature of federalism, and to make the executive-administrative branch the repository of slowly accreting power. It is my thesis that a, if not *the*, principal cause of this development is the scientific-technological revolution. That revolution has wrought social change which in turn has brought constitutional change.

The impact of technology upon the social order and eventually upon the nature of the constitutional system is not limited to federalism. A number of other effects of the technological revolution on the fundamental law may be singled out for brief mention. These include:

MULTINATIONAL COOPERATION. The same unifying forces of technology which are changing the nature of federalism also are contributing substantially to the breakup of the nation-state system which has been the characteristic form of social order for several centuries. The trend is toward closer ties among nations with similar ideological beliefs. Technology seems to be contributing substantially to the obsolescence of the nation-state as a form of social order.

WAR AS AN INSTRUMENT OF POLICY. Prior to the atomic bomb explosions at Hiroshima and Nagasaki, war was an instrument of policy in most, if not all, nations. Since 1945, a tacit understanding has been attained among the leaders of nations having nuclear weapons that violence will be kept short of annihilation. Wars have been waged almost continuously since 1945, in one part of

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the world or another, but with so-called "conventional" weapons, not the examples of the advanced weapons technologies of the United States and the USSR. What this means constitutionally is that technology has placed—thus far at least—a substantial check on the exercise of power by nations with thermonuclear weapons. Such a check is not absolute, to be sure, as the Cuban "eyeball to eyeball" encounter of 1962 illustrated, but it is of such a nature that President Johnson in early 1964 could call war "impossible." To repeat: Technology has, in this respect, a limiting influence on the exercise of national power.

Internally, technology has also altered the written Constitution of 1787 irreversibly, in that it has taken effective control of the war-making power away from Congress and placed it in the hands of the President. The Korean conflict is an illustration, as is the Cuban incident in 1962.

THE NEED FOR ECONOMIC PLANNING. The American polity has now reached the point where it is necessary to give serious attention to the need for "planning" the economy. Factors underlying this requirement include technology as well as the coalescing national trends toward urbanization, industrialization, population growth, and equality. The "market" economy has been so undermined by technological advance and other social changes that it is becoming increasingly obvious that economic decisions can be left neither to chance nor wholly in the hands of private individuals (*e.g.*, corporate and financial managers). That this is not a radical proposal may be seen in the growing literature describing the American system of "facilitative planning"—the term is that of economist Gardiner Means—as well as in a number of federal statutes and administrative actions. The statutory climax came in the Employment Act of 1946.

Technology influences the need for planning most directly in the national commitment to "maximum employment" under that statute. For it is technological advance, summed up in the term "automation," which is the greatest single cause for the affirmative governmental intervention in the economy, which is called "planning" for want of a better word, even though it is often used in a pejorative sense.

The controversy over automation and its impact upon the economy and the labor force, far from being settled, is still in its beginning stage. Many questions remain to be asked and to be answered before it will be resolved. Underscored here is the point that technology is indubitably having a profound and lasting effect upon the nature of work in an industrial economy. Moreover, whether or not it will in the long run produce as many jobs as it eliminates is not really at issue, for governmental officials in Congress and in the public administration, including the President, and trade union and some business executives, act *as if* automation does and will continue to have an important impact. They follow or advocate programs designed to promote "economic growth," or to "war against poverty," or otherwise to provide some sort of "guidelines" for the American economy. And that, in sum, is the American system of planning. It is already here, whatever one may feel about it, and the main question is not whether it can be dispensed with (it cannot), but the form that it will take in the future. The net result is a new governmental posture, which in its importance and implications marks a constitutional change of the first order.

THE TREND TOWARD DECISION-MAKING BY AN ELITE. The types of decisions which must be made in a technological society demand new ways of thinking, of organizing knowledge, of analysis, and of structuring the nature of problems. Within organizations, both public and private, may be seen the rise of elite groups composed of persons who, because of their expertise in the subject matter and techniques of decisional areas, exercise effective control over a large range of important decisions. Within government, this development perhaps may be seen best in the activities of a small group of experts brought into the Pentagon by Defense Secretary Robert McNamara. Sometimes derisively labelled the "whiz kids," this group applies economic analysis and advanced game theory to the resolution of military

SCIENCE IN JOURNALS

THE BREAKTHROUGH

Technology's Always Imminent Phenomenon

1965: Herewith, a conversation with the mythical Grant Swinger, head of the mythical Breakthrough Institute:

QUESTION: Dr. Swinger, what is the Breakthrough Institute?

ANSWER: It is a research establishment dedicated exclusively to fulfilling the public demand for scientific breakthroughs. We are the shock troops of science.

Q: What breakthroughs have you achieved?

A: It is difficult to say at this point, but we have been able to report to the public and the granting agencies a broad variety of *imminent* breakthroughs. Our U.S.B. program is a good example.

Q: U.S.B.?

A: Utilizable Sonic Boom. The boom problem is delaying the development of a supersonic transport. Other researchers are seeking to eliminate or minimize sonic boom. We have decided that this is impossible. Therefore, we are seeking ways to extract some utility from the booms that these planes would create over our cities.

Q: What utility could there be in sonic boom?

A: We don't know. But perhaps the boom could be employed as a metropolitan area alarm clock system or for detecting weak structures. In any case, we have fully panelized the problem.

Q: Panelized?

A: Yes, we have placed the problem before a panel which has full responsibility for planning a breakthrough.

Q: How was the panel selected?

A: By our Standing Ad Hoc Committee on Panels. It makes all our panel selections, including the recently announced panel on Politico-Scientific Trends in High Energy Physics.

Q: What will be the function of that panel?

A: Quite simply, to plan the next generation of nuclear accelerators.

Q: Hasn't that job been performed recently by another study group?

A: Yes, but that study has been rebuffed in Congress and elsewhere, as might have been foreseen.

Q: How will your study differ?

A: The breakthrough in this regard is only foreseeable; it is not yet imminent. But, in general, we expect to take technical cognizance of the political realities of the problem.

Q: More specifically?

A: We are studying what we refer to as the T.C.L.A., Transcontinental Linear Accelerator. It would commence in

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logistics and strategic problems. A like development may be seen in the large business corporation. . . . A new breed of corporate manager is required, "men who combine the talents of the big-businessman, the public administrator and the scientific researcher." The leading business schools of the nation are now engaged in producing this elite corps of personnel that will run the large, impersonal corporate enterprises of the future.

In other words, as the number and complexity of scientific-technological decisions rises within any organization, including government, the tendency to rely upon the scientific expert for making those decisions becomes more pronounced. Political scientist Robert Wood noted this in an important paper which was published in 1964. The question which administrators ask in such circumstances is not, "Is it legal?" (Does the law permit such an exercise of discretion?), but rather, "Is it physically possible?" An affirmative reply to the latter question ends the matter.

The implications for law and the governmental process are obvious. Let us mention but two: (a) the inability of Congress to make intelligent decisions in the context of science and technology; and (b) the diminution, even disappearance, of law as a normative limiting institution upon the exercise of administrative discretion. Ours is "emphatically a government of men and not of laws," Washington lawyer Charles Horsky said in 1952. The suggestion is that much of that phenomenon is traceable to the impact of science and technology upon the social order.

THE PERSON IN A TECHNOLOGICAL SOCIETY. I have suggested above that the organizational revolution within American society has had the important effect of reducing the significance of the individual *qua* individual. As Jacques Ellul has put it, "The more technical actions increase in society, the more human autonomy and initiative diminish." Put another way, technological advance poses crucial questions about the nature of human freedom. It is not only the organizational trend and its accompanying tendency toward rule by an elite that is relevant here; there is the further dimension of the diminution of privacy that is so evident today and that tends to reduce the person to a number. Vance Packard's *The Naked Society*, published in 1964, is an exposition of the absence of privacy and personal autonomy and of the fact that technological invasions of privacy are becoming a major business. In his book, Packard re-echoes what philosophers and other seminal thinkers have said previously. Novelists Aldous Huxley (in *Brave New World*) and George Orwell (in *1984*) were forerunners of Packard. The distinguished theologian and philosopher Paul J. Tillich, in an important essay published in 1953, discussed "the revolt against depersonalization in the modern era," the main depersonalizing force being technology. Jacques Ellul's *La Technique*, recently translated and published in the United States [*The Technological Society*, Alfred A. Knopf] is perhaps the most systematic treatment of the question.

The situation poses a true dilemma and a fundamental constitutional challenge: On the one hand, technology is a liberating force in that it permits man to free himself from the bone-crushing labor which was his lot during all human history up to the present day, but on the other, the imperatives of technology—toward organization, toward "rationalization" of the decisional process—lead to the depersonalization of man and to an immensely diminished stature as an individual being. The constitutional problem posed is this: How may the values imbedded in the American Constitution which further the freedom and integrity of the person be preserved and enhanced in a society ever increasingly technologically oriented?

(Arthur Selwyn Miller is an authority on the U.S. Constitution. He is a professor at George Washington University Law School and Graduate School of Public Law. The text above was excerpted from an exhaustive study published in "The George Washington Law Review," Vol. 33:17, 1964, under the title: "Technology, Social Change, and the Constitution." In a future issue of SR/Research, Professor Miller will publish an exclusive SR report challenging the constitutionality of certain technological invasions of individual rights).

Berkeley and terminate in Cambridge and thereby pass through at least twelve states, which means that twenty-four senators and about 100 congressmen could reasonably be expected to support it.

Q: Would it run in a straight line?

A: From a technical viewpoint this would be preferable, but we are considering the possibility of skirting several congressional districts which went against the administration in the last election. As we see it, there might be a few loops, particularly to take in areas where defense installations are scheduled to be closed.

Q: Is this practical?

A: Technically, perhaps not, but otherwise I would say it is immensely practical. But in case the T.C.L.A. proves too difficult, we are examining the possibility of a vertical linear accelerator at the only point in the country where four states intersect—Colorado, Arizona, Utah, and New Mexico. That could pick up eight senators and eleven congressmen at relatively modest cost. We've run that through the machine and come out with a very attractive bev/dollar/vote analysis.

Q: What are some of the other activities at the Breakthrough Institute?

A: We are deeply involved in a series of nutritional studies and, in fact, have been able to announce several imminent breakthroughs in this area. We are working on a process that would convert any waste product into edible foodstuffs, with virtually all of the original flavor removed. We have encountered some problems in consumer acceptance, but here again we are programming for an imminent breakthrough. We are convinced that people can relearn food preferences.

Q: What else are you doing?

A: We are developing a number of educational devices to expand scientific awareness. For example, we are working on a parlor game called Organ Transplant. We are also preparing a manual for the scientific community called, "As Long as You're Up, Get Me a Grant—A Guide to NIH [National Institutes of Health] Administrative Practice." And to assist high school students with the new physics curriculum, we are preparing a recording called, "Music to Study Quantum Mechanics By." It's sung by a group called The Particles, and a dance team called The Two Neutrinos has worked out a step to it. I might add that I was most pleased the other day when a teacher told me that he had asked a student if he had read Newton's *Principia*, and the student replied, "No, but I've seen the movie." It was one of our educational films.

Q: Are there other activities?

A: Oh yes. We are working on breakthroughs in techniques for teaching rapid reading, and we are pleased to report that we have achieved speeds of 5,000 words a minute.

Q: Really? With what degree of comprehension?

A: Well, that's a problem. Actually, we have been unable to achieve any comprehension at such speeds, but the imminence of a breakthrough in this area has attracted a gratifying amount of public attention.

—DANIEL S. GREENBERG
in *Science*.

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WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US?

Or, since this issue of SR/Research is concerned entirely with technology, it seems more appropriate to ask where the engineers are taking us. And the answer to that question depends on what engineers we are talking about. The nuclear engineers are advancing rapidly on an exceptionally broad frontier. Their atomic furnaces, run with proper safeguards, can end pollution of the air we breathe, draw fresh water from the oceans by removing the salt, and perform other chemical transformations unheard of in man's past. The nature of his future on planet earth is being profoundly affected. Below the prospects are summed up in an excerpt from the 1964 report of the director of the famous Oak Ridge National Laboratory.

ALVIN M. WEINBERG
Oak Ridge National Laboratory

USUALLY I begin my summary of the last year's work at Oak Ridge National Laboratory with a brief account of some of our achievements in basic science. However, in the year 1964 so much happened in reactor [atomic furnace] technology that I have decided this time to begin my talk with some remarks about the year's developments in reactor technology.

Two events have shaken the world's nuclear community and have strongly affected the future course of reactor development everywhere. The first event is the sudden, and almost unanticipated, achievement of economic nuclear power. The second event, which in some ways is related to the first, is the realization, everywhere in the world, of the truth of R. P. Hammond's maxim "Bigger is cheaper" and "Very big is very cheap, cheap enough to desalt the sea."

The arrival of economic nuclear energy was more or less officially recognized at the Third Geneva Conference on the Peaceful Uses of Atomic Energy, held last year. It had been signaled earlier in 1964 by General Electric's signing a fixed price contract with the Jersey Central Power and Light Company to build, at Oyster Creek, New Jersey, a 515 milliwatt boiling water reactor at a price of $129 per kilowatt. At its "stretch" rating of 640 milliwatts, Oyster Creek will cost $104 per kilowatt (though this price must be increased slightly to include usual extra costs); this is to be compared with the cost of the 900 milliwatt coal-fired Bull Run steam plant—$148 per kilowatt. These prices are not flukes. Last October General Electric published a catalog listing guaranteed prices of boiling water reactors in sizes ranging from 50,000 to 1,000,000 kilowatts. Though the prices are about 10 per cent higher than Oyster Creek, they are still phenomenally low. Nuclear electricity from such reactors would be competitive with coal at around twenty-five cents per 1,000,000 British thermal units [of heat]. Uranium fission is now apparently an economical alternative source of energy in large parts of the United States.

In seeking an explanation for this extraordinary development, most observers see two major factors. First, there is the action of the free competitive market place: General Electric and Westinghouse have competed sharply for the reactor business for a dozen years, and this competition has obliged both manufacturers to shave costs and simplify designs. Second, that the unit cost of a reactor falls as its size increases is evident in the General Electric price list. This behavior agrees well with Hammond's very early predictions.

A word of caution is needed. The Oyster Creek reactor is just getting under way. It is still possible that some flaw will develop in boiling water reactors [atomic furnaces in which boiling water carries off, in the form of heat, the otherwise explosive energy freed by nuclear disintegration of the furnace fuel] after they have operated for a long time. This does not at present seem likely in view of the generally good experience with the Dresden BWR which, through 1963, was available 83 per cent of the time. I therefore believe that we really are witnessing a major event in the world's technological history: the crossing of the economic threshold by nuclear power.

I TURN now to the second major development in nuclear energy technology—the widespread acceptance of Phil Hammond's claim that if reactors are large enough, the energy from them should be cheap enough to use for desalting the sea economically. The task force under Roger Revelle, set up by the White House to examine the use of large nuclear reactors for desalting the sea, has now issued its formal report. I can best summarize the findings of the task force by quoting from the introduction to its report:

> Although we are less optimistic than ORNL, we have confirmed the essential validity of the ORNL conclusion—that relatively low cost fresh water can be obtained with very large scale, dual purpose operations where there is a sufficiently large market for electric power, and that nuclear energy plants appear to have better economic potential in these very large sizes than fossil fuel plants.

Since then the Atomic Energy Commission and the Department of the Interior have, at the President's request, drawn up a ten-year plan for developing the technology of nuclear desalting. The rest of the world is also climbing on the desalting bandwagon. At the Third Geneva Conference, President Lyndon B. Johnson, former Russian Premier Nikita Khrushchev, and UN Secretary-General U Thant mentioned this great new application of nuclear energy. The USSR and the USA have begun to cooperate on nuclear desalting; a Russian desalting team visited us in Oak Ridge last October and some of us have visited the Soviet desalting stations. Israel and the United States have undertaken a cooperative project that will probably lead to a 125,000,000 gallon per day plant in Israel by 1971 and a 500,000,000 gallon per day plant a few years later. I. Spiewak of the ORNL reactor division spent a month in Israel as a member of the joint task force that worked out the details of the arrangement. In our own country the Bureau of Reclamation and the Los Angeles Metropolitan Water District Authority are drawing up plans for relatively large plants of the order of 100,000,000 gallons per day.

The ORNL Laboratory and K-25 [the gaseous diffusion plant in which isotopes of uranium are separated to produce high-grade atomic fuel] are expected by the AEC and the Department of the Interior to play a leading part in this work. To quote from AEC Chairman Glenn Seaborg's letter

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to the Director of the U.S. Bureau of the Budget, Kermit Gordon:

> Discussions have been and are being held by the AEC, Interior, and representatives of AEC national laboratories to determine the role that the national laboratories and particularly the Oak Ridge National Laboratory might play in accelerating progress in desalting. It is the objective of the AEC to make available its personnel and its contractors to the maximum extent possible in the furtherance of the nuclear desalting effort.

As I see it, about eighty technical people, many of them from K-25, supported by a budget approaching $4,000,000, will be involved in the desalting project in 1965.

Our work will be divided into three parts: a large program sponsored by the Office of Saline Water to explore the technology of large evaporators; a smaller program sponsored by AEC to explore the reactors for energizing the evaporators; and a continuation of K. A. Kraus's work, sponsored by OSW, on basic aspects of desalting.

Has the technical outlook changed since last year? The most important development has been the great reduction in cost of boiling water reactors. To some extent, this reduces the incentive to develop reactors specifically for desalting, especially in the medium size range. For very large plants, however, the heavy water [water containing heavy hydrogen, which raises the efficiency of atom furnaces] moderated system continues to show advantages, and the Atomic Energy Commission has decided to develop the organic-cooled, heavy water moderated reactor especially for desalting. Most of this work will be done outside Oak Ridge. The evaporator side of the desalting plant is another story: The technology of big evaporators is not as far along as is the technology of big reactors, but we already know that much can be done to improve evaporators. ORNL and K-25 engineers found rather early in the game that the cost of a very large flash evaporator [in which a steady flash of intense heat is used] could be halved merely by employing concrete containers and stacking modules one on top of the other instead of spreading them out. We believe that many more gains are in the cards—say, by using fluted tubes which greatly improve heat transfer; or by using certain low cost materials.

IN this search for ways to improve evaporators, I hope that Kurt Kraus's non-nuclear desalting project, which has until now been separate from the nuclear project, can uncover promising leads. For example, D. G. Thomas and Kraus have shown that, by spacing obstacles in a stream with just the right separation, one can induce interference between the vortex streets downstream from the obstacles [see sketch below]. One would hope to be able to use these interferences to increase turbulence, and therefore heat transfer, without excessive increase in pressure drop or pumping costs. Such findings could potentially help to reduce the size and therefore the cost of big evaporators.

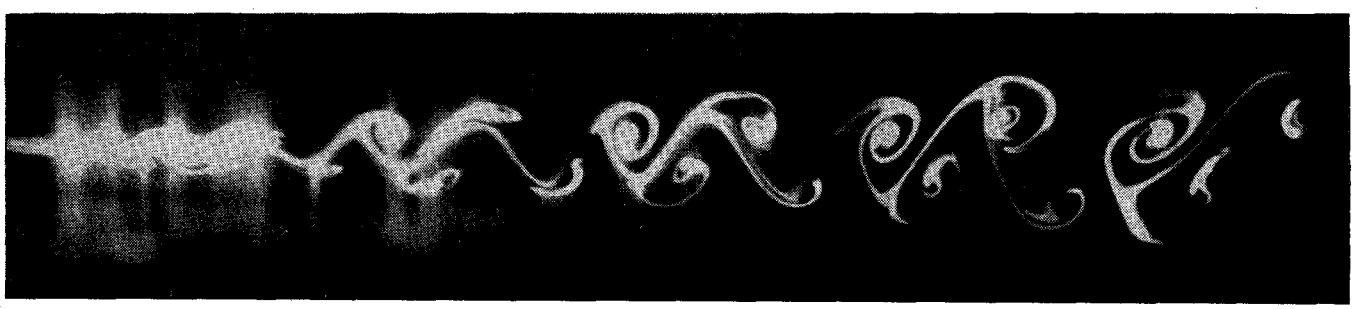
Before Oak Ridge pointed out these possibilities, desalting was remote and not to be considered as a large-scale, economical, source of water; now it is immediate and is taken with utmost seriousness by the highest levels of government. However, the technical work needed to make our claims come true must now begin in earnest. I have already mentioned that the major job for the Laboratory is on the desalting side of the dual purpose plant. But before we are through we shall have to develop very large, very cheap breeder reactors [in which new atomic fuel is "bred" by the radiation from the fuel that is being burned] since the natural uranium heavy water reactors which now seem to be so well suited to energize sea water conversion systems are hardly economically feasible when the raw material becomes scarce. I can therefore foresee an eventual coalescence of parts of the desalting program and our breeder program.

Finally, the nuclear desalting work has focussed our attention much more sharply on the possibility of drastically lowering the price atomic energy may eventually achieve, and this itself will have far-reaching consequences. I remember how, at the First Geneva Conference in 1955, ORNL was chided for being irresponsible because a member of its staff predicted that atomic power was feasible at a cost of five mills per kilowatt hour of electricity. Today the General Electric Company all but guarantees atomic power at 3.5 to 4 mills per kilowatt hour. And tomorrow, according to the estimates that have come from the White House desalination task group, 1.6 to 1.8 mills (with public ownership) or 2.6 to 2.8 mills (with private ownership) seems to be possible.

MY own belief is that very large, publicly-owned atomic power plants will eventually generate electricity at costs of no more than 1.5 mills per kilowatt hour. I think therefore that we ought to turn some of our attention to the question: "What would we do with unlimited 1.5 mill power?"

Hammond's original answer was: "Desalt the sea." But there are other possible uses for such cheap energy. R. E. Blanco has studied the manufacture of fertilizer, mainly fixed nitrogen, produced either by reaction with hydrogen or by direct oxidation, using very cheap electricity. He estimates that nitrogen could be fixed with 1.5 mill electricity for about what Chile saltpeter costs—*i.e.*, 50 per cent more than nitrogen contained in ammonium nitrate produced from natural gas and air. Phosphorus could be made from rocks and potassium recovered from sea water as a by-product of a large desalting plant, and the costs would not be unreasonable.

The main point is that we see emerging, in this idea of the very large and very cheap energy source, a means of providing many of the essentials for human life—such as water, fertilizer, and heat—at costs not very much higher than we now pay for them; and that, insofar as nuclear energy is a boundless source of energy, we may never be faced with a shortage of these other essentials. A new dimension has been added to nuclear energy: It can form the basis for the abundant life, and indeed "set the world free," as H. G. Wells put it in 1914. It will be part of our job to pin down exactly how we can transform these stirring theoretical possibilities into practical, economical processes.



—Oak Ridge National Laboratory.

Photograph of turbulence pattern created in flowing water by obstacles so designed and placed as to dissipate heat.

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IS IT A DREAM OR A NIGHTMARE?

IN 1960 the weekly *l'Express* of Paris published a series of extracts from texts by American and Russian scientists concerning society in the year 2000. As long as such visions were purely a literary concern of science-fiction writers and sensational journalists, it was possible to smile at them. Now we have like works from Nobel Prize winners, members of the Academy of Sciences of Moscow, and other scientific notables whose qualifications are beyond dispute. The visions of these gentlemen put science fiction in the shade.

By the year 2000, voyages to the moon will be commonplace; so will inhabited artificial satellites. All food will be completely synthetic. The world's population will have increased fourfold but will have been stabilized. Sea water and ordinary rocks will yield all the necessary metals. Disease, as well as famine, will have been eliminated; and there will be universal hygienic inspection and control. The problems of energy production will have been completely resolved. Serious scientists, it must be repeated, are the source of these predictions, which hitherto were found only in philosophic Utopias.

The most remarkable predictions concern the transformation of educational methods and the problem of human reproduction. Knowledge will be accumulated in "electronic banks" and transmitted directly to the human nervous system by means of coded electronic messages. There will no longer be any need of reading or learning mountains of useless information; everything will be received and registered according to the needs of the moment. There will be no need of attention or effort. What is needed will pass directly from the machine to the brain without going through consciousness.

In the domain of genetics, natural reproduction will be forbidden. A stable population will be necessary, and it will consist of the highest human types. Artificial insemination will be employed. This, according to [Nobelist Hermann J.] Muller, will "permit the introduction into a carrier uterus of an ovum fertilized *in vitro*, ovum and sperm . . . having been taken from persons representing the masculine ideal and the feminine ideal, respectively. The reproductive cells in question will preferably be those of persons dead long enough that a true perspective of their lives and works, free of all personal prejudice, can be seen. Such cells will be taken from cell banks and will represent the most precious genetic heritage of humanity. . . . The method will have to be applied universally. If the people of a single country were to apply it intelligently and intensively . . . they would quickly attain a practically invincible level of superiority. . . ." Here is a future Huxley never dreamed of.

PERHAPS, instead of marveling or being shocked, we ought to reflect a little. A question no one ever asks when confronted with the scientific wonders of the future concerns the interim period. Consider, for example, the problems of automation, which will become acute in a very short time. How, socially, politically, morally, and humanly, shall we contrive to get there? How are the prodigious economic problems, for example, of unemployment, to be solved? And, in Hermann Muller's more distant Utopia, how shall we force humanity to refrain from begetting children naturally? How shall we force them to submit to constant and rigorous hygienic controls? How shall man be persuaded to accept a radical transformation of his traditional modes of nutrition? How and where shall we relocate a billion and a half persons who today make their livings from agriculture and who, in the promised ultrarapid conversion of the next forty years, will become completely useless as cultivators of the soil? How shall we distribute such numbers of people equably over the surface of the earth, particularly if the promised fourfold increase in population materializes? How will we handle the control and occupation of outer space in order to provide a stable *modus vivendi*? How shall national boundaries be made to disappear? (One of the last two would be a necessity.)

There are many other "hows," but they are conveniently left unformulated. When we reflect on the serious although relatively minor problems that were provoked by the industrial exploitation of coal and electricity, when we reflect that after a hundred and fifty years these problems are still not satisfactorily resolved, we are entitled to ask whether there are any solutions to the infinitely more complex "hows" of the next forty years. In fact, there is one and only one means to their solution, a world-wide totalitarian dictatorship which will allow technique its full scope and at the same time resolve the concomitant difficulties. It is not difficult to understand why the scientists and worshippers of technology prefer not to dwell on this solution, but rather to leap nimbly across the dull and uninteresting intermediary period and land squarely in the golden age. We might indeed ask ourselves if we will succeed in getting through the transition period at all, or if the blood and the suffering required are not perhaps too high a price to pay for this golden age.

If we take a hard, unromantic look at the golden age itself, we are struck with the incredible naïveté of these scientists. They say, for example, that they will be able to shape and reshape at will human emotions, desires, and thoughts and arrive scientifically at certain efficient, pre-established collective decisions. They claim they will be in a position to develop certain collective desires, to constitute certain homogeneous social units out of aggregates of individuals, to forbid men to raise their children, and even to persuade them to renounce having any. At the same time, they speak of assuring the triumph of freedom and of the necessity of avoiding dictatorship at any price. They seem incapable of grasping the contradiction involved, or of understanding that what they are proposing, even after the intermediary period, is in fact the harshest of dictatorships. In comparison, Hitler's was a trifling affair. That it is to be a dictatorship of test tubes rather than of hobnailed boots will not make it any less a dictatorship.

When our savants characterize their golden age in any but scientific terms, they emit a quantity of down-at-the-heel

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platitudes that would gladden the heart of the pettiest politician. Let's take a few samples. "To render human nature nobler, more beautiful, and more harmonious." What on earth can this mean? What criteria, what content, do they propose? Not many, I fear, would be able to reply. "To assure the triumph of peace, liberty, and reason." Fine words with no substance behind them. "To eliminate cultural lag." What culture? And would the culture they have in mind be able to subsist in this harsh social organization? "To conquer outer space." For what purpose? The conquest of space seems to be an end in itself, which dispenses with any need for reflection.

We are forced to conclude that our scientists are incapable of any but the emptiest platitudes when they stray from their specialties. It makes one think back on the collection of mediocrities accumulated by Einstein when he spoke of God, the state, peace, and the meaning of life. It is clear that Einstein, extraordinary mathematical genius that he was, was no Pascal; he knew nothing of political or human reality, or, in fact, anything at all outside his mathematical reach. The banality of Einstein's remarks in matters outside his specialty is as astonishing as his genius within it.

It seems as though the specialized application of all one's faculties in a particular area inhibits the consideration of things in general. Even J. Robert Oppenheimer, who seems receptive to a general culture, is not outside this judgment. His political and social declarations, for example, scarcely go beyond the level of those of the man in the street. And the opinions of the scientists quoted by *l'Express* are not even on the level of Einstein or Oppenheimer. Their pomposities, in fact, do not rise to the level of the average. They are vague generalities inherited from the nineteenth century, and the fact that they represent the furthest limits of thought of our scientific worthies must be symptomatic of arrested development or of a mental block.

Particularly disquieting is the gap between the enormous power they wield and their critical ability, which must be estimated as null. To wield power well entails a certain faculty of criticism, discrimination, judgment, and option. It is impossible to have confidence in men who apparently lack these faculties. Yet it is apparently our fate to be facing a "golden age" in the power of sorcerers who are totally blind to the meaning of the human adventure.

When they speak of preserving the seed of outstanding men, whom, pray, do they mean to be the judges? It is clear, alas, that they propose to sit in judgment themselves. It is hardly likely that they will deem a Rimbaud or a Nietszche worthy of posterity. When they announce that they will conserve the genetic mutations which appear to them most favorable, and that they propose to modify the very germ cells in order to produce such and such traits; and when we consider the mediocrity of the scientists themselves outside the confines of their specialties, we can only shudder at the thought of what they will esteem most "favorable."

None of our wise men ever pose the question of the end of all their marvels. The "wherefore" is resolutely passed by. The response which would occur to our contemporaries is: for the sake of happiness. Unfortunately, there is no longer any question of that. One of our best-known specialists in diseases of the nervous system writes: "We will be able to modify man's emotions, desires, and thoughts, as we have already done in a rudimentary way with tranquilizers." It will be possible, says our specialist, to produce a conviction or an impression of happiness without any real basis for it. Our man of the golden age, therefore, will be capable of "happiness" amid the worst privations.

WHY, then, promise us extraordinary comforts, hygiene, knowledge, and nourishment if, by simply manipulating our nervous systems, we can be happy without them? The last meager motive we could possibly ascribe to the technical adventure thus vanishes into thin air through the very existence of technique itself.

But what good is it to pose questions of motives? Of why? All that must be the work of some miserable intellectual who balks at technical progress. The attitude of the scientists, at any rate, is clear. Technique exists because it is technique. The golden age will be because it will be. Any other answer is superfluous.

—Jacques Ellul
in *The Technological Society*,
translated from the French
by John Wilkinson
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LETTER FROM CLEVELAND

WHERE'S THE DOCTOR?

A Medical Engineer's Plea

ALL of you are sufficiently aware of the important trend linking the destiny of medicine to government. It has been growing rapidly in the past five years, and to some the rate is alarming. Government is deeply involved in research, education, hospital construction, disease prevention programs, international relations, care of the young and of the old—in fact, just about every facet of medicine. Both the advice government receives and the intellectual relationships among government officials, research workers, and practicing physicians are so chaotic that a meeting of the minds on a democratic basis is all but impossible. Indeed, this chaos is highlighted by such examples as the grumbling hostility between the American Medical Association and Washington. But even within the AMA, the separation of thought between general practitioners and specialists has been called by Morris Fishbein, "A House Divided." Recently, even business has gotten into the act with hard words flying between the drug manufacturers and the Food and Drug Administration.

At the moment there seems little chance that the varied general and special societies to which most physicians belong will close ranks and supply both the advice and the persuasion necessary to make decisions of wisdom and put these policies into practice. There are just too many societies, and their organizational structures are too antiquated and cumbersome. Few have kept abreast of even such relatively "simple" problems as the vast increase in numbers of physicians, quite aside from the vast financial resources and their accompanying problems. Reluctantly, I recognize that internal reorganization to face up to major problems is unlikely to occur.

Engineers have at last recognized their problem and are now in the process of doing something about it. It has just been announced that a new academy is to be founded, a National Academy of Engineering, to give suitable recognition to engineers, to bring the benefits of high-quality advice to government, and to exert influence on national affairs. . . .

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I . . . point out to you the inadequacy of medical representation. One physician is on a seventeen-man presidential science advisory board! The great National Institutes of Health complex is represented chiefly by people beholden to government for their positions and salaries. The National Academy of Sciences has no medical category at all, contrary to usual opinion. A few lobbyists, an occasional roving physician asked to testify before congressional committees. . . . This is simply not enough, and even what there is is not good enough.

As a beginning, I propose establishment of a National Academy of Medicine. Located in Washington, truly representative of excellence in all branches of medicine—scientific and administrative—large enough to fulfill the requirements of representation and to meet the protean demands of the modern world of science, quasi-governmental, carefully structured to provide means of effectively using a working membership. I would envision such an organization as democratic to the point that status is not the prime object of membership but rather is used as a symbol of excellence, coupled with paying the price by active work for an earned respect. Such an organization would require much time and effort on the part of its membership if it is to fulfill its destiny. It should not wait to be challenged before undertaking study of problems. . . .

Despite the almost frightening scope and multiplicity of problems that face medicine, science, and government, there is an internal unity within the disciplines of medicine which makes an academy both a reasonable and a logical outgrowth from present organizations.

The National Academy of Sciences itself serves a useful purpose, which would not be jeopardized by the establishment of a National Academy of Medicine. It is even possible that the Division of Medical Sciences of the National Research Council might serve as a major working arm of both academies. A major problem in establishment of a new academy which will have the required stature to perform the functions which it should serve will be in the determination of its initial membership. It should not be organized under "political" influence of other societies and associations.

I would hope that a National Academy [of Medicine] could provide a nidus around which some harmony could develop while concurrently providing the scaffolding for medicine to probe its intellectual, economic, and administrative future. We have already spent too much time and effort, either in retrospect or in living for the moment. Now is the time for prospect.

—Irvine H. Page, M.D.
in *Modern Medicine*.

"Humanity's previous attempts ... to transcend the world it inhabits."

SCIENCE is far more than a tool for adding to our security and comfort. It embraces in its broadest sense all efforts to achieve valid and coherent views of reality; as such, it extends the boundaries of experience and adds new dimensions to human character. If the interdependence of science and the humanities were more generally understood, men would be more likely to become masters of their technology and not its unthinking servants.

Even the most gifted individual, whether poet or physicist, will not realize his full potential or make his fullest contribution to his times unless his imagination has been kindled by the aspirations and accomplishments of those who have gone before him. Humanist scholars have therefore a special responsibility in that the past is their natural domain. They have the privilege and obligation of interpreting the past to each new generation of men who "necessarily must live in one small corner for one little stretch of time." They preserve and judge the fruits of humanity's previous attempts to depict, to rationalize, and to transcend the world it inhabits. The arts and letters, and the study of them, are therefore where we look most directly for enrichment of the individual's experience and his capacity for responding to it. Through the humanities we may seek intellectual humility, sensitivity to beauty, and emotional discipline. By them we may come to know the excitement of ideas, the power of imagination, and the unsuspected energies of the creative spirit.

Over the centuries the humanities have sustained mankind at the deepest level of being. They prospered in Greece and Rome, in the Middle Ages, in the Renaissance, and in the Enlightenment. Architecture, sculpture, poetry, and music flourished, and with the growth of colleges and universities the liberal arts took shape as a body of cumulative knowledge and wisdom. In the formative years of our own country it was a group of statesmen steeped in the humanities who fused their own experience with that of the past to create the enduring Constitution of the Republic.

During our early history we were largely occupied in mastering the physical environment. No sooner was this mastery within sight than advancing technology opened up a new range of possibilities, putting a new claim on energies which might otherwise have gone into humane and artistic endeavors. The result has often been that our social, moral, and aesthetic development lagged behind our material advance. Yet we have every reason to be proud of our artists and scholars, and new techniques have frequently served to make their work more widely available; but this is not enough. Now more than ever, with the rapid growth of knowledge and its transformation of society's material base, the humanities must command men of talent, intellect, and spirit.

The state of the humanities today creates a crisis for national leadership. While it offers cultural opportunities of the greatest value to the United States and to mankind, it holds at the same time a danger that wavering purpose and lack of well-conceived effort may leave us second-best in a world correspondingly impoverished by our incomplete success. The challenge is no less critical and direct than the one we have already met with our strong advocacy of healthy and generously supported science. It must be met in turn with equal vision and resolve. . . .

The stakes are so high and the issues of such magnitude that the humanities must have substantial help both from the Federal government and from other sources. It is for these reasons that the . . . Commission on the Humanities recommends the establishment by the President and the Congress of the United States of a National Humanities Foundation . . . to develop and promote a broadly conceived policy of support for the humanities and the arts. . . . With an appropriation made by the Congress . . . , the Foundation should . . . have the authority to experiment with ways in which [its] . . . general purposes can best be carried out, but under no conditions whatsoever should it attempt to direct or control the scholarship, teaching, or artistic endeavor which it supports.

—presented April 30, 1964
to the American Council of Learned Societies,
the Council of Graduate Schools in the United States,
and the United Chapters of Phi Beta Kappa.

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(Continued from page 61)

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(Continued from page 63)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1609

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. The means and appliances by which anything is kept in action so that desired results may be obtained.	66 28 104 57 46 131 157 166 4
B. WNI III's euphemistic word to describe incorrect words or meanings.	8 70 187 152 92 120 88 25 134 143 51
C. Commonly heard reference to a measure of length, esp. to the height of persons, of extremely indefinite interpretation (3 wds.).	27 184 122 1 37 61 72 142 118
D. Where Katharine Lee Bates prayed God to "shed his grace" (2 wds.).	85 59 20 178 67 137
E. Widow of the Prince of Wales as named in Shakespeare's *King Richard III* (2 wds.).	48 6 150 65 181 138 100 126
F. A milk soup featuring a succulent bivalve (2 wds.).	2 80 174 60 5 33 191 112 39 183
G. The Royal Botanic Gardens, finest in the world, as popularly named for the parish in Surrey, where they are (2 wds.).	119 47 21 115 9 54 136 165 40 84
H. What two or more planners are said to put, in order to find the best way to act (2 wds.).	36 170 58 11 16 64 111 96 34 153 164 123 3
I. Irish pianist and composer, intimate of Berlioz and Chopin (given names, George Alexander).	117 69 102 192 63 91 141
J. Soft, smooth to taste or touch.	38 108 29 42 50 56 167

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
K. The wildly popular *the dansant* of post-World War I era (2 wds.).	128 189 179 158 68 24 121 43
L. The daughter of the last Czar of Russia who was thought possibly to have survived the terrible murders in 1918.	105 190 14 139 77 172 144 94 31
M. Not easy or natural; forced.	156 146 74 90 125 55 101
N. Placed a value upon, either with extreme care, or roughly.	168 95 17 135 162 130 76 83 180
O. In one way or another.	186 53 133 175 18 110 86
P. The "dear little dimpled darling" belonging to us (2 wds.).	98 75 7 148 81 169 12
Q. Derived from iron.	159 13 82 97 22 173 35
R. Growing vigorously.	140 93 160 154 30 163 185
S. Expert; adroit.	129 132 109 62 182 19
T. Voracity.	103 73 99 15 151 149 147 32 79
U. Hall Caine's popular novel, 1887 (after *The*).	49 114 188 52 107 177 41 71
V. Government in the hands of a few.	161 113 176 89 23 127 145 78 45
W. Boat-shaped.	10 26 116 87 171 106 155 124 44

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

	1 C	2 F	3 H		4 A	5 F	6 E	7 P	8 B		9 G	10 W	11 H		12 P	13 Q
14 L	15 T	16 H		17 N	18 O	19 S		20 D	21 G	22 Q	_	23 V	24 K	25 B	_	26 W
_	27 C	28 A	29 J	30 R		31 L	32 T	33 F	34 H	35 Q		36 H	37 C	38 J	39 F	
40 G	41 U	42 J	43 K	44 W		45 V	46 A	47 G	48 E	49 U	50 J	51 B		52 U	53 O	54 G
55 M		56 J	57 A	58 H	59 D		60 F	61 C	62 S	63 I	64 H	65 E		66 A	67 D	68 K
69 I	70 B	71 U	72 C	73 T		74 M	75 P	76 N		77 L	78 V	79 T	80 F		81 P	82 Q
83 N		84 G	85 D	86 O	87 W	88 B	89 V		90 M	91 I		92 B	93 R	94 L	95 N	
96 H	97 Q	98 P	99 T	100 E	101 M		102 I	103 T	104 A	105 L	106 W	107 U	108 J		109 S	110 O
111 H	112 F	113 V	114 U	115 G		116 W	117 I	118 C	119 G	120 B		121 K	122 C	123 H	124 W	125 M
126 E	127 V		128 K	129 S	130 N	131 A		132 S		133 O	134 B	135 N	136 G	137 D	138 E	139 L
	140 R	141 I	142 C	143 B	144 L		145 V	146 M	147 T		148 P	149 T		150 E	151 T	152 B
153 H	154 R	155 W	156 M	157 A	158 K		159 Q	160 R	161 V	162 N		163 R	164 H	165 G		166 A
167 J	168 N		169 P	170 H	171 W	172 L	173 Q	174 F	175 O		176 V	177 U		178 D	179 K	180 N
	181 E	182 S	183 F	184 C	185 R	186 O		187 B	188 U	189 K	190 L		191 F	192 I		

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 10 of this issue.

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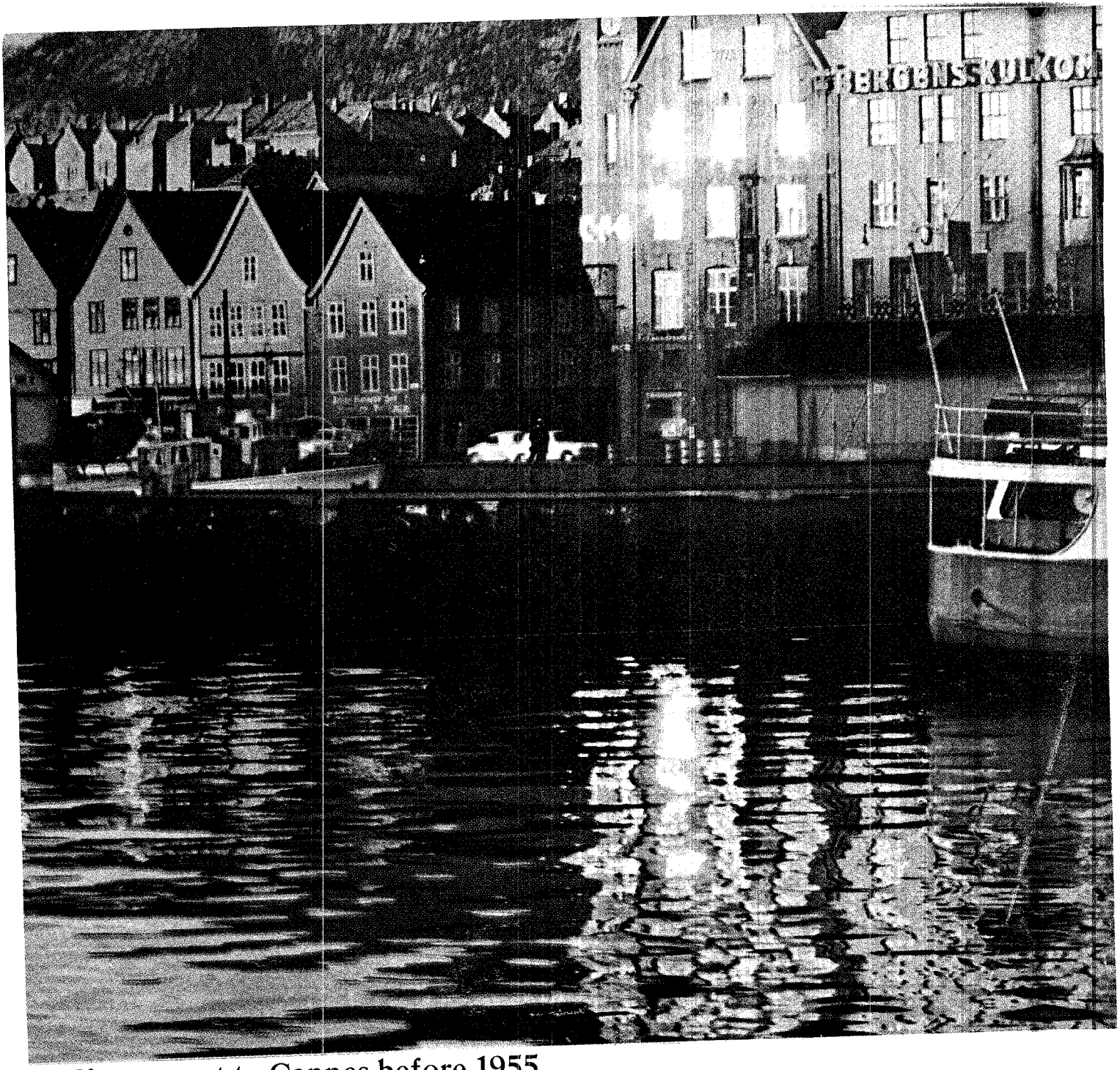

If you went to Cannes before 1955, Majorca before 1958, and Greece before 1960, you're the kind of person who'll want to see Bergen this year.

If you like places whose charm is unspoiled by armies of tourists, come soon. Because everything indicates that Norway is the next place in line for the sad spectacle called "becoming fashionable". Fashion follows the fashionable people, and more and more of them have been turning up in Norway lately —the same sophisticated travelers who knew Cannes when it was a quiet fishing village.

What is Bergen like now? It's quiet, clean, charming. It is surrounded by seven magnificent mountains on one side, and by the sea on the other. The people are warm and friendly, and totally honest. There is the picturesque wharf, which is crowded from late afternoon to sundown with people buying fresh fish and flowers in the colorful open air market (ever hear of a fish and flower market combined?). And in the spring there is the famous Edvard Grieg music and drama festival (Bergen has long been a favorite of writers, musicians and artists from all over).

But the best thing about Bergen is the spectacular country around it. From Bergen you can travel by car, bus or steamship into the heart of the fjord country. The majestic beauty of the fjords is impossible to describe, except to say that it's an experience that no man should miss if he can help it.

SAS flies to Bergen (Copenhagen, Stockholm or Oslo) from New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, Montreal and Anchorage. Eighteen jet flights a week now through spring... 34 a week beginning June 1. As far as the rest of Europe is concerned, SAS serves more cities within Europe than any other transatlantic airline.

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